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## FINE ARTS.

### ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 19.—A COTTAGE ORNEE.

THE plate which accompanies these observations exhibits a design proposed for a country uneven in its character, and where stone is to be had suited to the purposes of building: the plan is, however, arranged for the more general construction in brick-work, and consequently the walls would need to be of greater thickness if stone should be adopted. The neighbourhood of the lakes of Cumberland is admirably suited to buildings of this style, which partake of that mixture of parts, which we may conclude sometimes occurred in our domestic architecture, when the security of the sovereign and the subject began to depend less on the strength of fortifications and the force of arms, than on the equitable administration of the laws of the country.

In scenery composed of those characteristics which form a whole, that we term romantic, small buildings in this mixed style are in perfect correspondence, and are indeed desirable; for an awe is inspired by the grandeur of fine ranges of distant hills, views of extensive woods and lakes, in combination with broken and rock scenery, that impresses the mind with the idea of solitariness and insecurity, and makes agreeable every feature of protection and safety. Perhaps it is this selection from ecclesiastical and castle architecture that ought to be combined and adopted for romantic scenery, instead of either the one or the other only, as is now a very common practice. The cathedral style is not suited to domestic life; the apertures are too large, and the general proportions of its architecture inapplicable to such purposes. The castle style, on the contrary, affords too little light and air, and is cumbrous in its arrangements. When they are allowed to blend their peculiar forms and proportions, and these are modified and appropriated by a skilful hand, a style is produced capable of expressing all the beauties of each, affording at the same time the most convenient arrangements for do-

mestic and polished occupation; and the style is fully authorized by the documents and the remains of those buildings which are the decorated English architecture of the reigns of the three first Edwards. This is, however, a style of architecture merely and best applied to small buildings; for there is a classical refinement native to Grecian architecture, and a power of combining the features of intelligence with beauty and dignity in so extensive a variety of form and grace, that it is always to be deplored when other characters of architecture are substituted for it, unless some imperious circumstance of fitness which the situation demands, makes it necessary.

The interior of the cottage represented in the engraving, admits of a very interesting style of decoration: its little hall of entrance, having a door of oak studded over with nail-heads, may be formed into compartments, and painted in imitation of oak-panneling; Gothic pillars at the corners may support a groined ceiling, ornamented with ribs, and with flowers at the intersections. The window being small, would subdue the light, so as to give it a calm effect, and afford that repose to the eye which is always agreeable after a long exposure to the greater quantity abroad; and this is also desirable, as it prepares it to receive with greater force the cheerfulness or the brilliancy of the upper apartments: and it is also important in buildings of a larger description. Very desirable oppositions are to be obtained by a proper arrangement of light in halls, vestibules, and corridors; for the finest apartments gain very much of the favourableness of first impressions by the balance in their favour, which in light and colour the former are prepared to yield to them. The principal rooms of this cottage might be decorated in a more finished style, still keeping in view a perfect fitness and simplicity, the walls being coloured in warm or cool tints, according to the fancy of the occupier; and embellished by tracery in Gothic forms, to combine with the windows, which might be enriched by stained or painted glass. The chimney-pieces, the skirtings, the architraves, all should be designed to form a congruous whole; and although the inferior apartments would not be equally embellished, yet the forms and the colours should be such only as naturally belong to its general character; and these may be produced with quite as little expense as is usually bestowed on buildings of a common kind.

This cottage would afford a tolerable number of apartments; namely, two best bed-rooms, one being on the ground-floor; and two servants' rooms, a parlour, a dining-room, a hall, kitchen, and pantry; the larder being below: the cellaring would be made in the declivity of the ground, here assumed to be its natural shape. The real size of the building would be concealed by the screen wall, as it appears, of the entrance front, particularly if the room immediately behind it were covered by a metal flat roof; those of the other part would be protected by a roof of rather a peculiar construction, which the thickness of stone walls readily admits, being formed with pannier

gutters, which will not admit an overflow, so as to injure the apartments, proceeding either from excessive rains, or accumulated or drifted snows—a form very desirable in greatly exposed situations.

The best material for making permanent gutters that has yet been used for the purpose, is lead: copper and zinc are both objectionable, on reasonable grounds. Compositions of many kinds have been devised, but have failed in perhaps every instance; the hard ones crack with the least settlement of the building, or the springing, swelling, or shrinking of the timbers connected with them; the soft ones soon lose their tenacity by the operation of the sun: and those that have been devised of a medium composition, become hard in winter and dry in summer, and consequently crack in both seasons.

Roofs are unquestionably made in some countries entirely flat, and secured by compositions, as those, for instance, at Malta, where they are used for walking upon, or for the performance of the common business of the day: but here the buildings are chiefly of stone, with very little timber about them; the apartments are narrow, and arched over, and the covering is extraordinarily thick, so that the little water that penetrates the surface is arrested by the substance it has to pass, until evaporated at the surface again. The form and nature of our buildings rarely allow of this construction, and the climate is not favourable to it, if they did. The chief objections to lead for gutters, or rather the difficulties that occur in the proper application of it, are, first, the contraction and expansion to which it is subject from cold and heat, and from the sudden changeableness of our climate: the transition from one extreme to the other is very great in the short space of twelve hours, the sun most powerfully acting upon it at mid-day, when the succeeding night may be as intensely cold. Architects are therefore very careful that lead shall be put together in comparatively short pieces, and they never admit the too frequent practice of soldering lengths of it together, that the contraction and expansion may take place on as short surfaces as possible. The pieces of lead are connected with each other at a small step of about 1½ inch high, the under sheet of lead rising upon the step and the other folding over it: and here commences the second difficulty; for so soon as the water contained in the gutter (its free escape being prevented by snow, leaves, or other impediment,) is deep enough to cover this step, it finds a way under the covering sheet of lead, and thence into the walls or the apartments. This return of the water has never been wholly prevented, and perhaps it never will; it therefore becomes the duty of the architect to remedy the evil, such as it is, in the best possible manner. A simple and novel contrivance for the purpose is here submitted, that, in the few instances in which it has been applied, has completely succeeded:—Every step, or technically, every lap, should be formed as usual, but the gutter-boards grooved, or hollowed, at the edge of the under lead, and perforated so as to let the overflow water pass readily into a small transverse sub-gutter,

previously prepared immediately under every lap, and discharging itself upon the cornice, or from those masks or heads with which the upper member is frequently enriched. These gutters would be about a foot and a half long, and at intervals of twelve, fourteen, or sixteen feet. The security is ample, and the expense inconsiderable.

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## ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

### No. III.

### AGES OF ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

A VERY intelligent antiquary*, who has greatly contributed to perpetuate the vestiges of British art, has properly distinguished the ages of architecture in England as the Anglo-Saxon, the Anglo-Norman, the English, the Decorated English, the Florid English, and the Anglo-Italian. On very judicious and fair grounds, he has dismissed the term Gothic; and it would facilitate the understanding of the peculiar features and characteristics of the several ages, and would aid the criticism of the art, if the arrangement were generally adopted, in preference to the vague and undefined terms of Saxon and Gothic merely. The objections that hitherto have been made to this are perhaps ingenious, but they are also unworthy of the antiquary and the man of science. A sketch of the dates and peculiarities of the several ages, may be useful to the subject in view.

1. THE ANGLO-SAXON,

from the year 597 to 1066, the accession of William I.

2. THE ANGLO-NORMAN,

from 1066 to 1189, containing the reigns of William, William Rufus, Henry I. Stephen, and Henry II. A style was then existing which the monks called *Opus Romanum*, which had been introduced by the Saxons from materials collected at Rome during their visits to the holy see. Of the most remarkable specimens of what is termed Saxon architecture, still observable in cathedral and conventual churches, the true æra will be found to be subsequent to the Saxons themselves, and to have extended not more than a century and a half anterior to the Norman conquest*. At this time the extent and dimensions of churches were greatly increased; the ornamental carvings of the arches and the capitals of pillars became more frequent and elaborately finished. The pillars were enormous, circular in their form, and supporting circular arches; above which were rows of open galleries, the roof groining with single cross springers. The windows were narrow, and in lancet form; the towers without pinnacles, but ornamented with small pillars and intersected arches in tiers. Buttresses were not in use, the walls being of an extraordinary substance.

3. THE ENGLISH,

from 1184 to 1272, including the reigns of Richard I. John, and Henry III. The pointed arch was now introduced; by some supposed to have been brought from Palestine; by some from the Moors in Spain; whilst others as strenuously

* Britton.

* Dallaway.

support its claims to a more local origin. Remains of buildings are to be found, says Dr. Clarke, in which the pointed arch forms a part, as at Acre, and other places in the Holy Land, erected anterior to the existence of such arches in England; and others may be referred to the age of Justinian, if not of Constantine. The author of *Munimenta Antiqua* notices pointed arches in the aqueduct of Justinian. The pointed arch is also to be seen in aqueducts built by Trajan*. There are similar remains of equal antiquity in Cyprus and in Egypt. Dr. Clarke rejects the idea, that buildings with this feature were erected abroad by the English at the time of the crusades: for, says he, foreigners, or the pupils of them, were employed in England for every undertaking of the kind so late as the reign of Henry VIII.; and he enumerates six Oriental cities where this kind of architecture was formerly in use: these are, Nicotia, in Cyprus; Ptolemais, Dio Cæsarea, and Jerusalem, in the Holy Land; Rosetta and Cairo, in Egypt: the remains in all of which relate to a much earlier period than the introduction of the pointed style in England.

Westminster Abbey is a fine example of the architecture of this æra; the pillars were slender, clustered, combined, and sometimes small ones connected to the greater by annulets, the shafts being otherwise independent of them; and others shooting, as it were, beyond the capitals of the principal shaft, and forming the springing to the groin ribs of the roof, which were now multiplied to several ramifications, and ornamented by large flowers and other devices. The windows were increased, and subdivided by small columns or mullions; the arches were sharply pointed, and buttresses adopted.

4. THE DECORATED ENGLISH, from 1272 to 1461, including Edward I. Edward II. Edward III. Richard II. Henry IV. Henry V. and Henry VI. About the middle of the reign of Edward III. and under the auspices of the justly venerated architect, William of Wykeham, this style of architecture made a near approach to its greatest purity and perfection.—Low sharp arches were introduced in secondary situations. The windows were made of greater dimensions, particularly those of the east and west extremities of the building, the heads of which, ramified into elaborate intersections, were ornamented with quatrefoils and rosettes; the pannels of various parts were now ornamented with similar arches and mullions, and the roof became enriched by tracery. Tabernacle-work, and shrines of exquisite workmanship, now prevailed. In the cathedral of Winchester, built by William of Wykeham, is an unrivalled series of sepulchral sacella from Wykeham to Fox*. The externals now became more ornamented, the western fronts particularly, by statues and tabernacle-work; the flying buttresses were carried with great lightness on segments of circles, and were completed by finials richly carved.

5. FLORID ENGLISH, from 1461 to 1509, during the reigns of Edward IV. Edward V. Richard

* At Segovia, in Spain.—KING *on Castles*.

* Dallaway.

III. and Henry VII. Geometrical construction now supplied the place of material in an almost miraculous manner. The walls of the buildings of this time are thin to an incredible degree, for the parts of really substantial strength are confined to a few points on which the ribs of the arches and groins depend: the ribs are the communicators of support to the spandrels, which now became greatly multiplied both in the upper parts of the walls and the vaultings. The heads of windows and the groins of ceilings are richly embellished with tracery and highly ornamented: the walls also, both within and without, are decorated in a similar manner, all being profusely carved. Armorial ensigns of honour were, towards the close of this æra, very prevalent in the works of Henry VII. who displayed them ostentatiously, mixing the red rose with the portcullis, celebrating by these cognizances his union with Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV. by which the rights of the lines of York and Lancaster were blended.

6. THE ANGLO-ITALIAN,

from 1509 to 1625; the reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. Mary, Elizabeth, and James I. The peculiarities of this time consist in a curious mixture of Italian architecture and German devices and scroll-work, combined with a full proportion of the forms and arrangements common to a prior age; the larger works seem to be the offspring of the fourteenth century, added to and repaired by bungling Italian architects, and afterwards improved and beautified by a profusion of embellishments in the old German taste. The school of Palladio is not more conspicuous in these edifices than that of Sebastian Serlio, to whom, indeed, in many instances, a decided preference and devotion have been shewn. Towards the close of this age, Whitehall was designed by Inigo Jones, which perhaps may be taken in extenuation of the many gross absurdities committed in building during the last reign. Nothing can more fully prove, than the buildings of this æra, how unwillingly the mind abandons habits that have long been cherished; nothing can shew more clearly, than the selections that were then made, how dangerous it is to relinquish well-digested principles in art for specious novelties; and nothing can more strongly demonstrate, than the absurdities then committed, how difficult it is to apply the best principles, when we have newly obtained them.

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## CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

*(Continued from p. 134.)*

PAINTERS AND DESIGNERS; PERIOD IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED; PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.

THE most ancient and principal schools of painting among the Greeks, were the following:—

1. The school of Corinth, founded by Cleanthes.

2. The school of Athens, founded by Eumarus and Panænus.

3. The school of Thasos, founded by Aristophon and Polygnotus.

4. The school of Heraclea, in *Magna Græcia*, founded by Zeuxis.

5. The school of Sicyon, founded by Eupompus and Timanthes.

6. The school of Rhodes, founded by Protogenes.

7. The school of Ephesus, founded by Euenor and Parrhasius.

PHILOCLES, of Egypt. This artist and Cleanthes were considered by the ancients as the inventors of the art of drawing the human figure, but merely in outline, in their respective countries.

CLEANTHES, of Corinth. The birth of Pallas. The taking of Troy, in the temple of Diana Aphionia.

ARDICES, of Corinth.—See TELEPHANES.

TELEPHANES, of Sicyon. This, and the preceding artist, are said to have invented the method of indicating by lines the interior parts of the body, such as the joints, muscles, &c.

CLEOPHANES, of Corinth. The inventor of monochromatic painting; that is, with one single colour. This method alone was practised also by the four following artists.

DINIAS.

CARMIDAS.

EUMARUS, of Athens. He is said to have been the first that marked the difference of the sexes.

CIMON, of Cleone. He is considered as the first that gave the appearance of motion to figures and to drapery.

BULARCHUS, Olymp. 18. The battle of the Magnesians, for which Candaules, king of Lydia, gave as many pounds of gold as the picture weighed. He is the first known artist who used various colours.

PANÆNUS, of Athens, brother to Phidias. Olymp. 83—93. The battle of Marathon, in the Pœcile at Athens. Hercules and Atlas; Hellas and Salamis; Ajax and Cassandra; Hippodamia, with her mother; Hercules and the Nemæan lion; Prometheus and Hercules; the dying Penthesilea—all in the temple of Jupiter Olympius. This artist was the first that gave to his figures the characteristic truth of nature. By him painting was first raised to the elevation of an art, and that at a time when sculpture had attained its highest perfection.

TIMAGORAS, of Chalcis. Olymp. 83—93. Two pictures, at Corinth and Delphi, which obtained the prize in preference to those of Panænus.

PHRYLUS, of Athens. Olymp. 83—93.

PYTHEAS, of Achaia. Olymp. 83—93. Several pieces on fresh plaster; for which reason he is commonly considered as the inventor of fresco-painting.

AGLAOPHON, of Thasos. Olymp. 83—93. Two pictures, representing Alcibiades in the character of a hero. Figures of animals, especially horses.

ARISTOPHON. Olymp. 83—93. Arcæus wounded by a boar. A large picture with many figures, as Priam, Helen, Credulity, Ulysses, Deiphobus, and Dolon.

POLYGNOTUS, of Thasos. Olymp. 83—93. The Lesche, at Delphi. Part of the Pœcile at Athens. The marriage of the daughters of Leucippus, in the temple of the Dioscuri. Orestes and Pylades killing the sons of Nauplius. The sacrifice of Polyxena near the Propylæa, at Athens. Ulysses putting the Suitors to death, at Platæa. This artist was the first who soared above the common truth of nature in the pictorial art, and sought ideal beauty. He gave more freedom of movement and expression to his figures, and used more brilliant colours for the dresses and draperies.

MYCON the elder, of Athens. Olymp. 83—93. The battle of the Amazons, in the Pœcile: many other pictures in the temple of Theseus, in Athens.

MYCON the younger, of Athens. Olymp. 83—93. Father of Timarete.

TIMARETE, of Athens. Olymp. 83—93. This female artist executed a Diana, in the temple of Ephesus.

DIONYSIUS, of Colophon. Olymp. 83—93. Many miniature copies of paintings by Polygnotus.

NESEAS, of Thasos. Olymp. 83—93.

EUENOR, of Ephesus. Olymp. 85—95. The father and instructor of Parrhasius.

APOLLODORUS, of Athens. Olymp. 85—95. A priest praying; an Ajax—both at Pergamus. He opened the way to a proper distribution of light and shade.

PAUSON, of Athens. A horse. He chiefly devoted himself to the representation of mean subjects.

ANTORIDES, of Athens. Olymp. 90—100.

NICOSTRATUS. Olymp. 90—100.

PARRHASIUS, of Ephesus. Olymp. 90—100. The Athenian people, at Athens. An Archigallus. Two wrestlers. The Dioscuri. Telephus. Achilles. Agamemnon. The Indian Hercules. Ajax. Theseus, at Rome. His excellencies consist in a strict regard to proportion, delicacy in the features, animated expression, and finished execution.

ZEUXIS, of Heraclea. Olymp. 90—100. Penelope. Helen, at Croton. Jupiter on a throne. The infant Hercules strangling the serpents. Alcmene, at Agrigentum. His works are distinguished by an anxious study of the ideal, correct delineation, and a close adherence to nature in the colouring.

TIMANTHES, of Sicyon. Olymp. 90—100. The sacrifice of Iphigenia. Ajax. Palamedes. A sleeping Polyphemus, surrounded by Satyrs, who measure the length of his thumb with their thyrsi. His merit consisted in extraordinary ingenuity of invention and composition. His Ajax, at Samos, won the prize from that of Parrhasius.

ANDROCIDES. Olymp. 90—100.

EUPOMPUS, of Sicyon. Olymp. 90—100. A victorious Pancratiast. His works were marked by a studious adherence to nature.

PAMPHILUS, of Amphipolis. Olymp. 95—105. The Heraclides praying. The battle of Phlius. Ulysses on the raft. A family picture. He displayed great erudition in the treatment of his subjects.

THEON, of Samos. Olymp. 95—105. Orestes killing his mother. A young warrior hastily arming. He excelled in expressing powerful emotions with peculiar energy.

EUXERIDAS. Olymp. 95—105. The master of Aristides.

ARISTIDES, of Thebes. Olymp. 95—105. A city taken by storm. A battle with the Persians. A man praying. A race of quadrigæ. Biblis and Caunus. Hunters with game. He was the first who produced a just expression of the calm emotions of the mind.

ECHION. Olymp. 100—110. Semiramis. An old woman attending a bride with a torch. Tragedy and Comedy. This artist first brought colouring to perfection.

APELLES. Olymp. 100—114. Venus Anadyomene after Campaspe, at Cos, and afterwards at Rome. Slander, at Ephesus. Alexander the Great hurling the lightning. Clitus on horseback. Gorgosthenes, a tragic poet, at Rome. Castor and Pollux. War. Victory and Alexander the Great. Archelaus with his wife. Neoptolemus on horseback. Diana, surrounded by virgins offering sacrifice. Apelles united all the essential qualifications and talents that constitute an accomplished artist—the most decided study of the ideal; ingenious, poetic, and tasteful composition; animated and appropriate expression; extraordinary correctness in the drawing; and equal beauty and truth of colouring.

PROTOGENES, of Rhodes. Olymp. 100—114. Jalysus, at Rhodes, afterwards in the temple of Peace at Rome. Nausicaa. A Satyr. The Anapauomenos. Antigonus. Alexander the Great. His mother. Pan. A prize-fighter. Philiscus, a tragic poet. He approached, in most particulars, very near to the excellence of Apelles.

PAUSIAS, of Sicyon. Olymp. 100—114. Glycera wreathing garlands, at Rome. The infant Hercules. Cupid. Drunkenness. He restored the pictures painted on walls at Thespia by Polygnotus, and brought encaustic painting to perfection.

EUPHRANOR, of Corinth. Olymp. 110—120. The battle of Mantinea, in the Ceramicus, at Athens. Democracy and the people, in a porticus at Athens. Apollo. Theseus. Ulysses, at Ephesus. A general sheathing his sword. He was remarkable for great dignity of expression and admirable delineation.

CYTHIAS, of Cynthos. Olymp. 105—115. The Argonauts, a famous picture, for which the Roman orator Hortensius gave 400,000 sesterces, and which he placed in his villa at Tusculum. This artist is said to have been the first who introduced the use of burned ochre in painting.

ANTIDOTUS, of Athens. Olymp. 105—115. A wrestler. A prize-fighter, with a shield. A flute-player, at Athens. He excelled in force and brilliancy of colouring.

NICIAS, of Athens. Olymp. 105—115. Ulysses exorcising the shades in Hades, for which Attalus offered 60 talents. Bacchus. Hyacinthus, at Rome. Diana. Calypso. Andromeda. Alexander the Great. He particularly excelled in encaustic painting.

GLAUCION, of Corinth. Olymp. 105—115.

OMPHALION. Olymp. 105—115.

ASCLEPIODORUS, of Athens. Olymp. 105—115. The twelve great gods. He was remarkable for great firmness in the attitudes of his figures, and extraordinary facility of execution.

NICANOR, of Paros. Olymp. 105—115. Very famous as an enamel-painter.

AMPHION, of Athens. Olymp. 105—115. He executed large historical works, and excelled even Apelles himself in composition.

SOCRATES. Olymp. 110—120. Æsculapius, with his daughters Hygiæa, Ægle, Panace, and Jaso. A very excellent artist.

MELANTHUS, of Sicyon. Olymp. 110—120. A Victory on a quadriga. Of superior excellence in many parts of the art.

NICOMACHUS, of Athens. Olymp. 110 120. Rape of Proserpine, in the Capitol, at Rome. Apollo and Diana. Bacchantes and Satyrs. Scylla, in the temple of Peace, at Rome. A Victory. The Tyndarides. He was distinguished by extraordinary facility of pencil, and, like Apelles, employed only four colours.

NICOPHANES, of Athens. Olymp. 110—120. Many Hetæræ (courtesans) of Athens. His colouring was highly beautiful, and he was very happy in the expression of strong affections.

PERSEUS, of Athens. Olymp. 110—120. A disciple of Apelles and a very skilful artist.

ÆTION. Olymp. 110—120. The nuptials of Alexander and Roxana, exhibited at the Olympic games. A very meritorious artist.

ARISTOLAUS, of Athens. Olymp. 110—120. Epaminondas. Pericles. Medea. Theseus. The Athenian people.

PHILOXENOS. Olymp. 110—120. The battle between Alexander the Great and Darius.

ARISTOCLES. Olymp. 110—120.

CTESILOCHUS. Olymp. 110—120. Jupiter, with a female head-dress, bringing forth Bacchus.

AGATHARCUS, of Samos. Olymp. 110—120. Many figures of animals. This artist seems to have been the Wouvermans and Henry Roos of the ancients.

NICERATUS, of Thebes. Olymp. 110—120.

ARISTIPPUS, of Thebes. Olymp. 110—120. A Satyr with a goblet in his hand.

NEARCHUS, of Athens. Olymp. 110—120. The father and master of Aristarete.

ATHENEON, of Maronea. Olymp. 110—120. Phylarchus, the historian, in

the temple of Eleusis. Achilles at Scyros, discovered by Ulysses. A family. A man with a horse, at Athens. He was an excellent artist, and remarkable for grandeur of style.

ARTEMON. Olymp. 110—120. Danae among the pirates. Stratonice. Hercules and Dejanira. The Apotheosis of Hercules, in the portico of Octavia at Rome. Laomedon, with Hercules and Neptune. He excelled in the representation of vehement emotions.

PYTHAGORAS, of Samos. Olymp. 110—120. Several pictures in a temple of Fortune, at Rome.

NEALCES, of Athens. Olymp. 110—120. Sea-fight between the Persians and the Egyptians on the Nile.

DAMOPHILUS. Olymp. 110—120. Many pictures upon the walls of the temple of Ceres, near the Circus Maximus at Rome.

GORGASUS.—See DAMOPHILUS.

ANTIPHILUS the elder.-See DAMOPHILUS.

EUTYCHIDES. A Biga driven by Victory.

HABRON. Olymp. 110—120. Friendship, Peace, and the Gods.

ERIGONIUS. Olymp. 110—120. He was originally a colour-grinder, and afterwards one of the most eminent of the pupils of Nealces.

LEONTION. Olymp. 110—120.

ARISTARETE. Olymp. 110—120. An Æsculapius.

IRENE. Olymp. 110—120. Proserpine, at Eleusis.

CALYPSO. Olymp. 110—120. An old man with Theodorus, the enchanter.

ALCISTHENE. Olymp. 110—120. A dancer. She was one of the ablest female artists of Greece.

HELENA. Olymp. 110—120. A battle-piece, in the temple of Peace at Rome.

ALCIMACHUS. Olymp. 110—120. Dioxyppus.

CTESIDEMUS. Olymp. 110—120. The taking of the city of Œchalia. A very eminent artist.

CALLIPHRON, of Samos. Olymp. 110—120. The combat between Ajax and Hector, and an Eris, in the temple of Diana at Ephesus. A sea-fight.

EUMELIUS. Olymp. 110—120. A Helen.

EUANTHES. Olymp. 110—120. Andromeda and Prometheus.

TIMÆNETUS. Olymp. 110—120. Many pictures in the Musæum.

EUDORUS. Olymp. 110—130. Many decorations for the stage. The most ancient known scene-painter.

GALATO. Olymp. 110—130. Homer vomiting, and a number of poets devouring what he has cast up.

LEONTISCUS. Olymp. 110—130. The victorious Aratus.

IPHION. Olymp. 110—130. Ephyra, a daughter of Oceanus.

LYSIPPUS, of Ægina. Olymp. 110—130. A celebrated enamel-painter.

ANDROBIUS, of Athens. Olymp. 110—130. A Scylla breaking the cables of the Persian fleet.

ANTIPHILUS the younger, of Egypt. Olymp. 110—130. A boy blowing a fire. Females weaving carpets. Ptolomy hunting elephants. A Faun in panther's skin.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

*Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.*

## ON SMOKY CHIMNIES, AND METHODS OF CURING THEM.

*(Concluded from p. 138.)*

THE only remedy in the cases described in the last number, is, to supply every chimney with as much air as is necessary for its own consumption, in the manner already pointed out.

The smoke is often driven into a

room by the improper situation of a door: for as the smoke is carried up the funnel by the continual and successive pressure of the air that enters at the fire-place, if this air be diverted or driven away from the chimney, the smoke will be carried away from it into the room: indeed any circumstance that turns the current of air from the under part of the fire, will be an assured cause of producing smoke in the room. The variety of cases that occur under this head, are too many to be enumerated on this occasion. The remedies are, either to place an intervening screen, or to shift the hinges of the door.

Sometimes an apartment is filled with smoke when a fire is kindled in an adjoining chimney, and no fire in the incommoded room, although it does not smoke when it has a fire burning at its own grate. This generally arises, first, from the wind driving the smoke down the funnel of the adjoining chimney along with the cold air, which cold air may be forced down by a gust of wind, or by other causes. This evil may be remedied by a circular partition of about three inches between the funnels at top. Or it may arise from holes in the partition that divides the funnels: for this there is no perfect cure, but pulling down the chimney to the part where the holes are, and rebuilding it in a sound manner.

Sometimes the smoke is drawn down the chimney into the room by a wrong position of the house with respect to external objects; as when tops of chimnies are commanded by higher buildings, or by a hill, &c. &c. which, by interrupting the course of the air, cause it to take various directions, and drive the smoke down the chmney in a stream, or wheeling about in eddies, prevent its ascent. Hence it is, that low houses, when contiguous to high objects, are in danger of being annoyed by smoke. If the contiguous object be not very high, the disorder may be cured by heightening the chimney; but if it be very high, it will be necessary to place a *turn-cap*, or some such contrivance, on the top of the chimney, as will prevent the wind from entering it, while it leaves a free passage for the smoke.

The smoke will sometimes be driven down by strong winds passing over the top of funnels. This case is most frequent where the funnel is short, and the opening turned from the wind.

When a violent current of air, or a strong wind, passes over the top of a chimney, the particles thereof acquire so much force, and move with so much rapidity in a direction nearly horizontal, as to prevent the rising light air from issuing out at the top of the chimney; and some of the current is also often driven down the chimney. Where this happens, a *turn-cup* will be the best remedy.

Such are the leading causes which prevent the free ascent of smoke in chimnies: in some cases two or more of these causes may operate at the same time; but from whatever quarter the evil arises, it may in general be cured, by discovering the cause, and applying the remedies pointed out.

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## CHINESE METHOD OF CASTING SHEET-LEAD AND SHEET-TIN.

The Chinese method of casting sheet-lead is extremely simple.—The workman takes two large

smooth slates or tiles, covered on one side with thick paper, which is pasted on the tiles perfectly smooth. He then puts the two surfaces of the slates or tiles thus prepared together, face to face, and opening them a little at the top only, he pours in a small quantity of melted lead, and then quickly presses the slates together with his knees: the melted lead thus being squeezed over the whole surface of the stone, forms a leaf or sheet of an uniform thickness. This process accounts for the chrystalline appearance which the Chinese tea-chest lead exhibits, when closely inspected. Tin is formed into leaves in a similar manner. These processes are chiefly carried on in the vicinity of Canton. To prevent the lead or tin from oxidating, or forming a scum on the surface, the Chinese workman makes use of a resin, called by them *Dummer;* which answers the purpose like the common resin which is employed for the same purpose in this country.

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### TO TAKE SPOTS OF GREASE OUT OF BOOKS, PRINTS, WOOD, OR PAPER.

After having gently warmed the paper that is soiled with grease, wax, oil, or any other fatty body, take out as much as possible by covering it with blotting-paper, and passing over it, repeatedly, a heated flat iron, such as is used for ironing linen. Then dip a small brush or camel's-hair pencil into rectified oil of turpentine (not common oil of turpentine, which would leave a stain,) heated, and draw it gently over both sides of the paper; and again apply, after each application, blotting-paper and a heated flat iron. The grease is dissolved by the oil, and then soaked up in the fibres of the paper. This operation must be repeated as many times as the quantity of greasy matter imbibed by the blotting-paper, or the thickness of the paper, may render necessary. When the grease is entirely removed, recourse may be had to the following method to restore the paper to its former whiteness, when not completely restored by the former process:—Dip another brush, or camel's-hair pencil, into a mixture composed of equal parts of highly rectified spirit of wine and sulphuric ether, and draw it in like manner over the place which was stained, and particularly round the edges, to remove the border which may still present a stain. By employing these means with care and caution, the spot totally disappears, and the paper resumes its original whiteness; and if the process has been employed on a part written on with common ink, or printed with printer's ink, it will not suffer the least alteration.

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### METHOD OF MAKING ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

Take the blay or bleak-fish, which is very common in the river Thames, and scrape off the fine silvery scales from the belly. [These scales may be bought of the fishermen at the Lower Mall, Hammersmith.] Wash and rub them repeatedly in water; suffer the water to settle, and a sediment will be found of an unctuous or oily consistence. A little of this sediment is to be dropped into a hollow glass bead [these glass

beads may be purchased at the glass-blowers and barometer-makers], of a bluish tint, and shaken about so as to cover all the interior surface of the bead. This being done, the bead is to be filled up with melted white wax, to give the pearl solidity and weight.

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## AMELIORATION OF OIL FOR THE USE OF CLOCKS, WATCHES, &c.

Every one who has occasion to use lamps, must be sensible, that the colour of the light, as well as the quantity and kind of disagreeable vapour emitted from the flame, depends greatly on the quality of the oil. When oil is kept in an open vessel, it gradually becomes more tenacious, by virtue of the oxigen which it absorbs from the air: for this reason it is less fit for use; it is less combustible, and less adapted to pass between the fibres of the wick. These observations point out the expediency of keeping oil in well-closed vessels. The liquidity of whale oil, and the facility of its combustion, may be considerably augmented by the admixture of a minute portion of oil of turpentine.

It is well known, that oil may be rendered purer by agitation with water, more particularly with the addition of an acid, particularly with sulphuric acid. Another remedy is, to boil the oil gently with an infusion of oak bark. And again, another method is as follows:—To a gallon of oil put one quart of water, and two ounces of quicklime previously suffered to be slaked by exposure to air; stir the mixture up several times, for the first twenty-four hours; then suffer it to stand undisturbed for three or four days, and the lime-water will sink below the oil, which then may be separated without trouble, by carefully decanting it.

The effect of these processes is, that the sulphuric acid, as well as the tanning matter of the oak-bark, or the quicklime, coagulate, and carry off a portion of the mucilage of the oil, which is not adapted to answer the purposes to which oil is applied. It may easily be imagined, however, that oil thus treated will retain a portion of aqueous or saline matter, which may render it unfit to be applied to the moving parts of instruments, for the purpose of diminishing friction. Some clock and watchmakers expose olive oil to the asmosphere in frosty weather, and select that portion which they find to continue fluid after a considerable part is frozen. This proceeding is grounded upon the fact, that the oil may be considered as consisting of two different kinds of oil, one of which congeals at a less temperature than the other, and that this congelation is the principal evil which befals the oil in watches, clocks, and time-pieces. This proposition is well founded, because the quantity of oil which is readily separated by pressure from the substances which afford it, possesses more tenacity, and is specifically lighter, than that which is produced by a powerful pressure, or the action of heat, and which has suffered a chemical change. This, therefore, is one method of ameliorating oil. Another process is, the exposure to light. An ingenious mathematical instrument-maker has found, from experience, that oil of olives and oil of almonds are greatly improved by exposure

to light for at least six months: by this means a portion of mucilage is separated; the oil acquires more fluidity, and is less liable to thicken, or fatten as it is called, when applied to the moving parts of machinery; and time-pieces which have been supplied with oil thus ameliorated, have been found to go much more steadily when this oil was used, instead of the oil commonly applied to such instruments. Mr. Rentsch, a celebrated watch and chronometer-maker, informs the writer of this article, that he finds animal oil preferable to oil obtained from vegetable substances; and that, in the routine of his profession, he gives the preference to the oil vulgarly called *neat's foot oil.*

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### ECONOMICAL PROCESS OF MAKING PASTE, AS PRACTISED IN CHINA.

*To the Editor.*

SIR,——The following method of making paste, which has lately been transmitted to the President of the Royal Society, the Right Hon. Sir. Joseph Banks, Bart. by a scientific gentleman resident at Canton, deserves to be known, not only on account of its being a cheap process, but likewise, if universally adopted by paper-hangers, trunk-makers, book-binders, grocers, and others in whose business much paste is employed, would produce a considerable saving of flour, which, in time of scarcity, might be of great consequence. The process is as follows:—

Take 1 lb. of quicklime, reduced to a fine powder by previously slaking it with a little water, and incorporate it intimately with 10 lbs. of bullock's blood. The compound forms a stiff homogeneous jelly. In this state the mass is kept for sale, and when wanted for use, it is tempered with a sufficient quantity of water, to render it fit to be applied by the brush. The correspondent states, that the mass keeps perfectly well at Canton during the hottest weather for six days, and in the winter for twenty days: there is, therefore, reason to believe, that in our climate it would keep much longer.

F. SMITH.

Camberwell, Feb. 20, 1816.

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### IMPRESSIONS FROM LEAVES OF PLANTS.

The following method of taking impressions from the leaves of vegetables, which has of late gained many admirers on account of the beauty which the subjects present, will, it is presumed, not be unacceptable to the curious. The collections which have been made by different individuals of vegetable impressions of the different parts of plants, are regarded as valuable acquisitions, to facilitate the study both of botany and vegetable physiology; because, not only the true figure of the leaf, but all the veins, fibres, and their minutest ramifications likewise, are thus represented to the eye in a more perfect manner than can be done by the pencil of the most skilful painter. Besides all this, the process is easy, and the impressions may readily be coloured in the same manner as prints. It is as follows:—

Take the green leaves of trees, or flowers, and lay them between the leaves of a thick book till they are dry. Then mix up some lamp-black with drying oil, and make a

small dabber of wool or cotton wrapped up in a piece of untanned sheep-skin (pelt), which has been previously soaked in water. Put the colour upon a tile or marble slab, and take some on the dabber. Laying the dried leaf upon a plate, dab it very gently with the oil-colour, till the veins of the leaf are covered, taking care not to dab it so hard as to force the colour between the veins and fibres. Moisten a piece of paper, or rather have a piece lying between several sheets of damp or wetted paper for several hours, and lay this over the leaf which has been blackened. Press it gently down, and then subject it to the action of a common napkin. Press or lay a heavy weight on it, and press it down very hard, and by this means very beautiful impressions of the leaf may be obtained. The only difficulty, but which may soon be overcome by a little practice, is the proper application of this printing ink; for if too much is laid on the leaf, the impression turns out bad. Common letter-press printer's ink answers the purpose very well, after being tempered with a small portion of oil of turpentine.

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## IMPROVED METHOD OF BREAKING UP LOGS OF WOOD AND STUMPS OF OLD TREES.

*To the Editor.*

SIR,——I need not describe to you the usual method of breaking up logs of wood for the purpose of fuel, practised by the axe and wedges, as is done particularly in dividing the roots of trees; but this is very laborious, and the application of gun-powder in the same way as rocks or blocks of stone are blasted, is hazardous, for the plug is often driven out. I have lately practised a better method of performing this operation (which was shewn to me by my friend Mr. Hughes, of Linwood Park, and who says, that the method has been invented by an ingenious mechanic in London), which is more safe, easy, and expeditious. The process is as follows:—

A hole is bored with an augre, and a charge of powder is introduced. An iron screw with a good thread, having a hole bored through its axis, is then introduced into the hole, and turned till it comes near to the powder. While the screw is putting in, a wire is kept in the hole through its axis, but it is afterwards drawn out, and a piece of twine, dipped in a solution of nitre, or better in a solution of oxymuriate of potash, is put into its place. This quick-match is set fire to, and by its slow burning affords time for the workman to retire before it sets fire to the gunpowder. By this means, any roots or old stumps of trees may be easily and quickly broken up. The services which this operation has rendered me, is the reason of transmitting it to your notice.

I am, sir,

C. SIMPSON.

Exeter, Feb. 4, 1816.

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## FURTHER OBSERVATIONS ON THE UTILITY OF THE TEST FOR READILY DISTINGUISHING IRON FROM STEEL.

SIR,—Permit me to add a few observations on the utility of the test pointed out in your *Repository* for January, p. 12. for distinguishing iron from steel. The utility of

the test with regard to *finished* articles is sufficiently obvious; but as its application to *unfinished* ones has not been hinted at, you will do a material service to the workmen in steel and iron, by pointing out to them the benefits which they may receive from this simple application, which may serve them also as *an easy method of ascertaining the uniformity of texture in iron and steel.*

It very frequently happens, that articles of considerable value, intended to be fabricated in iron or steel, are not known to be defective until much expense has been incurred in manufacturing them. A piece of iron which has a vein of steel running through it, as is too often the case, will require at least three times the labour and care to turn out and fashion in the lathe, which would have been demanded by a piece of greater uniformity. Every workman knows, that steel which abounds with spots or veins, or specks called *pins*, may be fashioned completely, and will not show its defects until the final operation, when the attempt is made to finish and to polish the work. Other articles, such as delicate measuring or micrometer screws, blades of the best kinds of sheers, fine circular cutters, engravers' tools, surgical instruments, &c. either bend and lose their shape in the hardening, from the difference of expansion, or resist the tool when wrought in the tempered state, or exhibit other incurable defects when they come to be tried, which the test by dilute nitric acid would have indicated before any expense had been incurred. In these and in numberless other instances, it would have been incomparably more advantageous, to have rejected the material upon the first trial, than have proceeded to the very expensive process of manufacturing the article, and then finding it of no value. By this means I have seen bars of steel, which were warranted by the vender as perfect, as full of veins and irregularities as the coarsest wood, and have been enabled to select the best and most uniform pieces for works of the greatest delicacy: whereas, without this process, I have very often had the mortification to fail in the last stage of processes upon which much cost and labour had been bestowed. It is only necessary to clean the rough article with a file, or with emery paper, and then apply the nitric acid in a very dilute state; the parts which contain the greatest portions of carburet of iron immediately show themselves by their dark colour.

Hoping that you will insert this information as an addition to the notice already given in your *Repository*, you will oblige no doubt many of your readers, as well as

THOMAS WHITE.

Rosemary-Buildings, Clerkenwell.

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## USE OF A SPECIES OF MOSS FOR STUFFING MATTRESSES.

*To the Editor.*

SIR,—Observing some years ago, in the *Annales de Chimie*, vol. LXV. a species of moss, the *Hypnum crispum* of Linnæus, recommended by M. Parmentier as a substitute for wool or flock, I was induced to make a trial of it. I had a mattress stuffed with this moss, which now has been in use four years, and it is in a good condition. Neither the perspirable matter of the human body, nor

urine, causes the moss to ferment, as happens to flocks; and as it is of a good length, and may be abundantly procured in this country, there is reason to believe it may prove useful, where economy is an object. The moss, when dried in the shade, has a pleasant aromatic scent, which it retains for many years.

FREDERICK WHITWELL.

# BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

## MEMOIR OF THE LIFE OF CHARLES THE TWELFTH, KING OF SWEDEN.

——— "Nature might stand up,
"And say to all the world, *This was a man*."——JUL. CÆS. act v. sc. 5.

CHARLES XII. King of Sweden, a man the most extraordinary, perhaps, that ever appeared in the world, was born on the 27th of June, 1682. All the great qualities of his ancestors were united in him; nor had he any other fault or misfortune, but that he carried them beyond all bounds.

Impatient to reign, he caused himself, upon the death of his father, to be declared of age at fifteen; and, at his coronation, he snatched the crown from the Archbishop of Upsal, and put it upon his head himself, with an air of grandeur that struck the people with admiration. His first expedition was against the Danes, who, together with Peter the Great of Russia, and Augustus King of Poland, had meditated his downfal; and so successful was he, that in less than six weeks he entered Copenhagen victorious, reduced the power of his enemy, and restored to his brother-in-law, the Duke of Holstein, those rights of which he had been unjustly deprived by the Danes. Charles would accept nothing for himself, being satisfied with having relieved his ally from oppression, and humbled his enemy: and this signal deliverance he effected when no more than eighteen.

He now proceeded to relieve the town of Narva, which, with Livonia, was at this time subject to the Swedish sceptre, and which Peter the Great had invested with an army of 100,000 men. Charles was the more enraged against the czar, as there were still three Muscovite ambassadors at Stockholm, ready to swear to the renewal of an inviolable peace with him. He, who valued himself upon a severe probity, could not comprehend how a legislator like the czar could make a jest of what ought to be held so sacred; and was thunderstruck when he saw a proclamation from him, alleging, for a reason of the war, that the Swedes had not paid him sufficient honours when he passed *incognito* to Riga, and that they had sold provisions too dear to his ambassadors!

Charles, after having forced the advanced posts of the Russians, arrived before Narva on the 30th of November, 1700, with only 20,000 men. As soon as the cannon of the

Swedes had made a breach in the entrenchments, they advanced with their bayonets at the end of their fusees, well loaded with ball, and furiously discharged them upon their enemies. The Muscovites stood their fire for half an hour, without quitting their posts. Upon the first discharge of the enemy's shot, the king received a ball in his left shoulder; presently after his horse was killed under him; a second had his head carried off by a cannon-ball; and as he was nimbly mounting a third, "These fellows," exclaimed he, "afford me exercise;" and then went on to give orders (notwithstanding his wound, which his activity prevented him from perceiving), and to engage with the same presence of mind as before. Within three hours the entrenchments were carried on all sides; a general surrender took place, and Charles entered victorious at the head of his troops into Narva.

Augustus King of Poland, with reason expected, that his enemy, already the conqueror of the Danes and Muscovites, would come next to vent his fury on him. The event justified his fears. Augustus was, in his own right, only Elector of Saxony: on the death of the heroic John Sobieski, however, he took advantage of the internal dissensions among the Poles to usurp their crown; and, by his troops and money, he succeeded. Charles determined to place the son of Sobieski upon the throne; but that prince being by a stratagem of Augustus carried off as he was one day hunting with his brother, he fixed upon Stanislaus Lecsinski, palatine of Posnania, a young nobleman universally esteemed, of a most amiable disposition and great talents; and him he induced (after great persuasion) to accept the crown, or at least to hold it for Prince James Sobieski in case of his release. Count Piper, the King of Sweden's prime minister, at this juncture endeavoured to persuade his master to take the crown himself; but his only answer was, "I like better to give away kingdoms than to gain them." The general discontent which began to shew itself among the Poles towards Augustus, favoured the views of the King of Sweden; and he had the satisfaction of seeing, in a very short time, Stanislaus looked up to as a sovereign potentate.

After various reverses, occasioned by the numerous detachments of Muscovite troops, and the wretchedness of the country through which he passed, Charles found himself before Pultowa, on the borders of the Ukraine, towards the end of May, 1709, with only 18,000 Swedes, and as many Cossacks under Mazeppa. He perceived, from the beginning of the siege, that he had taught his enemies (the Muscovites) the art of war; for Prince Menzikoff, notwithstanding all his precautions, threw fresh troops into the town, by which he increased the garrison to almost 10,000 men. The king continued the siege with still more warmth, carried the advanced works, gave two assaults to the body of the place, and took the curtain. Such was the state of the siege when Charles, having rode into the river to take a nearer view of some of the works, received a shot from a carbine, which pierced through his boot, and shattered

a bone of his heel. Not the least alteration was observed in his countenance, by which it could be suspected that he was wounded; and he continued calmly to give orders, and remained nearly six hours on horseback afterwards. At last one of his domestics, perceiving the sole of his boot bloody, called the surgeons; and his pain began at that moment to be so sharp, that they were forced to take him off his horse and carry him into his tent. The surgeons, looking upon the wound, observed, that a mortification had already commenced, and were of opinion, all but one, that the leg must be amputated. That one, named Newman, signifying his persuasion, that by making deep incisions he could save the leg, "Fall to work boldly and immediately," said Charles; "cut, and fear nothing." He then held the leg himself with both his hands, and looked upon the incisions that were making with all the coolness of one perfectly unconcerned.

Notwithstanding this unfortunate accident, the king was determined to risk a battle; and the very next day ordered his troops to prepare themselves. It was on the 8th July, 1709, that the decisive battle of Pultowa was fought; a day fatal indeed to the glory of the Northern Hercules. At daybreak the Swedes appeared out of their trenches, with four pieces of cannon for their whole artillery; and these, with 25,000 men, were to cope with a Muscovite force of 60,000. The king conducted the march, carried in a litter at the head of his troops; and at the first onset he was victorious. The contest being renewed at nine in the morning, one of the first discharges of the Muscovite cannon carried off the two horses of the litter; and two others were scarcely harnessed before a second volley broke the litter in pieces, and overturned the king. The regiment nearest to him, thinking him killed, in a sudden panic lost ground, and, their powder entirely failing, they betook themselves to flight. Some grenadiers having by this time recovered the king, who was covered with blood and dreadfully bruised from the fall, "Swedes, Swedes!" exclaimed he, in an agony, "are you Swedes? Remember Narva!" But this remonstrance was of no effect; the Muscovites pursued them in every direction; and had it not been for General Poniatowski, who carried the king from the field, fighting his way through more than ten regiments of Russians, he must inevitably have been made prisoner.

Nothing now remained for Charles, and those of his troops who had escaped the battle, but to fly towards the Turks; and having gained the opposite shore of the Bogh, they all reached Oczakow, and were well received by the bashaw. The Grand Signior soon after sent a magnificent retinue to Charles, to attend him to whatever part of his dominions he would like to encamp in; and the king fixed upon a spot near Bender, to which he was conducted with great pomp.

Here Charles and his faithful followers remained for the space of three years and a half, the king ever indulging the hope that the Ottoman Porte would be induced to grant him a sufficient force to go against the czar once more. This it was that made him look upon the

favour shewn him by the Turks as nothing, and to consider the grants of money they proffered him as of little value. Matters, at last, came to a very serious conclusion, for the Porte refusing him a fresh supply of 1000 purses, and at the same time commanding him to quit the empire immediately, on pain of being driven out, Charles, who could never brook what he conceived an insult, returned for answer, that if they thought proper to attack him, he would repel force by force. Accordingly, orders were issued by the Grand Signior to seize the person of the King of Sweden, but, if possible, to save his life, lest any supicions might be entertained in Europe detrimental to the merciful character of the Turks; and a reward of eight ducats was offered to be distributed among such of the Janissaries as could produce a piece of his clothes, as a proof that they were instrumental in securing him.

Meanwhile, Charles, with all the calmness in the world, appointed his 300 Swedes (all that remained to him since the affair of Pultowa) to make regular fortifications, and worked at them himself. They soon inclosed their little town, and took particular care in the barricading of the king's house, or palace, a building which, together with the habitations of all his officers, had been erected during their stay in Turkey. They had scarcely finished their work when the clarions of the besiegers sounded, the horse-tails waved in the air, and the cries of Alla! Alla! were heard on all sides.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

# MISCELLANIES.

## COGITATIONS OF JOANNES SCRIBLERUS.

A GRUMBLER of the present day, on perusing some pages of a book which lay on a table before him, returned it to its place, saying, "I'll read no more. O wicked and adulterous age, thank God I am about to leave you, whose sins every day nearer and nearer precipitate you in the ruin of a Nineveh!"—"What have you been reading to provoke all this?" said the bookseller.—"Only," rejoined the former, "some *worthy* transactions of this Gomorrah of 1815."—"Indeed! I would advise you to look at the date of your book before you draw your inferences." He did so, and found it a journal of the year 1740.

It is one of the most flagrant faults of the essayists to be constantly railing at the present times, and drawing a comparison between them and those which are fled, to the evident preference of the latter. Century after century has come and gone with the same dull and monotonous complaints of the present; so that if we look backward in regular progression, these grumblers would fain have us believe, that the age, the most remote from the present, has been most propitious to virtue and general improve-

ment. Like the Irishman, who traced his ancestors even further back than the creation of Adam and Eve, these reiterators of complaint would make us believe, that mental capacity and expansion of intellect were virtues of antediluvian existence. The perverseness of human nature, which, discontented with the present, either regards the days of infancy or old age as periods of perfect enjoyment, may have some share in rejecting the pleasures of the present moment. The honest and fair experiment of stimulating a child to the exercise of virtue by the good examples of its ancestors, is a favourable pretext for abusing the time present, and continuing in such a line of error: but how are we to excite our children to excellence, when we inform them, that proficiency is not the growth of the nineteenth century? We look backward to the years of infancy with delight; we dwell on the retrospection of our childish days with pleasure, and exclaim, "Oh! those were happy hours; our dear parents were then living; our companions were then young and lively with ourselves!" We forget all the sorrows of childhood, the tears of bitterness shed in infant days. And as to parents and friends whom we now so much regret the loss of, did we not once think the commands of the former sometimes arbitrary, and the returns of the latter to our sincere regard, often cold and selfish? Yes, all this is very true. But our more mature youth, that surely was a season of joy; and when we entered our teens, what a world of flowery pleasures and enjoyments solicited us! Alas! these pleasures were gayer in anticipation than in possession. The precepts of self-denial were then forgotten; and the thorns of disappointed pleasure, of unrequited or undeserved love, wounded us severely. We have forgotten the briars of adversity, while the recollection of the blossoms of joy alone is impressed on our hearts: yet, unmindful of every painful sensation, we exclaim, "Ah! then we were truly happy!" Miserable, however, as we are at present, we take courage, and exclaim, "We shall be happy by and by!" Are we confined in our circumstances by the augmentation of our family, we exclaim, "Our children in time will get settled. Another argosy will return laden with the gold of India; prosperity and riches will crown our exertions, and we shall then retire to enjoyment, surrounded by luxuries, and fanned by the zephyrs of serenity." And in hoping to procure that serenity, which death may rob us of, we give those moments to discontent which should be employed in the furtherance of our wishes.

Mistaken mortals! shall not age bring sickness, and enjoyment invite repletion? You dwell on things only as pleasures, because they are as yet out of your reach; and you paint that as enjoyment which is ideal or unattainable. Do not thus tempt a beneficent Providence by your discontent, by your deferred thankfulness! The moments for the attainment of happiness are always before you. The days of enjoyment are now; employ them then as such, and rest assured, that you will never be more free from troubles than at this period of your life. Murder these moments of

happiness with regrets for the times that are past, and slight them for those you expect at some distant day, and your life will be what you have made it to be yourself—a life of hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick. A well tutored infancy makes a cheerful youth; a well educated youth brings forth the leaves of a happy manhood; the virtues of manhood procure a joyful and a green old age, and this, borne down by the sickle of Time, shall be laid up in the garners of him who will reward the righteous man according to his righteousness.—I have been somewhat more serious in this lucubration than I intended, but hope I have not been prosing or gloomy; and, in wishing my readers may enjoy a long life of comparative happiness, instead of only a stated period of enjoyment, I trust I have merited their thanks, and not their imprecations. It would appear by the constant invidious comparison which the moralist draws with the time present, that perfection was the gift of some age not our own.

I will only now allude to the pleasures of recreation; and here it is evident, that before our theatrical performers were classically educated, they were better enabled to play classical characters than they are at present; that is, if our theatrical critics do not, which I strongly suspect they do, lie most abominably. Thus Betterton, the son of a cook, and Quin, who read men instead of books, were much superior to Cooke or Kemble. The ladies, too, of these happy past times, who knew only of virtue by the name, the Woffingtons, the Catleys, and the Bellamys, played Portias and Belvideras—characters in which the sufferings of virtues completely Roman were painted—in a much higher style than they are personated by the immaculate characters of Siddons and O'Neil. In the art of painting, too, before we had a Royal Academy instituted, and before the works of the old masters were thrown open to our contemplation, "*we* painted much better than *we* do now." In the articles of dress we are shamefully negligent. Shall the once elegantly powdered head, the buckram skirts of our men, compare with the plain and simple adornments of the present day? and shall the costume of a clothed Grace, or the head of a Sappho, which our lovely countrywomen did exhibit before the introduction of the trumpery flounce and furbelow of France, vie with the powdered and pomatumed head and hoop-petticoat of ancient date? "Oh, my poor daughter!" exclaims mamma, "what an indecent figure she cuts! in my time backs and shoulders were only for husbands to see." Yet if you look over the chimney-piece, you will see mamma flaunting in all the nudity of a Kneller or a Lely, or in the more meretricious, because half-concealed, nakedness of a Coates or a Ramsay. Every thing gets dearer and dearer, and every thing gets worse and worse, with these nowadays gentry.

Ancestors of Queen Anne's reign, how are ye slandered in the annals of your Addisons, your Steeles, your Swifts, and your De Foes! ye who would attempt to tell us, that in those immaculate times murder stalked abroad, and that every crime under the sun was then

perpetrated! And, you unhappy children of the reign of George III. how are ye cheated with false improvement, the jugglery of agriculture, and all the *charlatanerie* of art! whose morals are only more corrupted by the additional number of your religious institutions, and whose progeny are so much more ignorant as ye more abound in scholastic improvement! It has been my task in the prosecution of making collections for a local history, to be obliged to collate the eighty years transactions of our ancestors, as detailed in the volumes of a series of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and in its domestic occurrences I had the happiness of seeing a gradual unfolding of virtuous propensities. At the commencement of the work, I saw every week detailed the most barbarous murders, exceeding those of a Marr or a Williamson, and accompanied with circumstances which I could almost designate as dreadfully comic; and were I to relate some of them, my paper would deserve to be burnt by the common hangman. I saw also books advertised to be sold in the open day, fit only for a brothel; instances of suicide frequent, and bearing every stamp of atheism. In the infancy of this work, it is true, I did not see the crime of infidelity in the marriage state narrated; but I read the account of worse crimes, which were then propagated by the higher orders of society, and protected by the lower for the love of gold, which, I am proud to say, would now be refused for the protection of the same crime with contempt. I read of one Swift, a clergyman of the church of England, indulging in expressions and actions disgraceful to a carman. I read of daughters and nieces murdering their fathers and uncles; and just previous to the dawn of better morals, I dropt the curtain of infamy on a reverend divine, whose iniquitous life, under the semblance of religion, was closed by the hands of the executioner.

If, then, we are not to arrogate too much merit for the present age, let us not relinquish our exertions to become better than our ancestors, under the idea that we are less worthy than they were: and let us, spurning the sneers of those who pretend to tell us we are making a retrograde movement in morals and genius, continue to stimulate our offspring to virtue, and to enable them to enjoy, in the pleasing retrospect of a good life, the present moment, growing in happiness as they grow in goodness, until they arrive at the end of their journies: and let it not be said, that all the experience of ages, and the precepts of the wise and good, have failed of being of any avail to the Britons of the nineteenth century.

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## THE MISTAKEN FAIR.

### *TO THE EDITOR.*

Sir,—It has often, and perhaps with some share of reason, been argued as an objection to works of imagination, that they more frequently add to the violence of the passions by their lavish descriptions, than tend to awaken our reason by the strength of their moral. I have endeavoured, in the following tale, to make the pleasing interest of romance subservient to a striking application; and, having

clothed facts in the guise of fiction, hope that the narrative and its deductions may receive the approbation of the readers of so elegant a work as the *Repository*. I remain, &c. JOHN ——.

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## THE MISTAKEN FAIR.

The vernal airs which blew across the fevered brain of Don Cæsar de Mora refreshed his pausing senses; the painful throb of his heart seemed for awhile suspended; and though his body was fatigued with mental anguish, yet he still continued to pursue his way, and caught with avidity each passing gale, which for a moment revived his too irritable feelings. He threw the reins on the neck of his mule: he viewed, with aching sight, the extended landscape: he pored over the blue distant hills; and, as he endeavoured to fix his eyes on a whitened speck in the distant horizon, he descried the convent of St. Jago de Compostella. He had now gained the hills of Lerena; and the wide plains which were spread before him, as he emerged from a grove of pines, more fully displayed the evening landscape, half lit by the rays of a descending sun. The grey mists, however, hovered in the distance, and earth, air, and water became at length a sheet of vapour. The breeze, which had been of late so refreshing to Don Cæsar de Mora, now became too keen for his enfeebled frame: he drew his cloak round him, and struck into an embowered vale, intending to retrace his steps homeward; but again a fit of absence seized his faculties, and he paced along scarcely sensible of existence. There was a stillness, a repose in the landscape, that might have lulled the emotions of frenzy itself. Don Cæsar was not insensible to the power of its fascination: he endeavoured to rouse himself; a deep sigh followed the exertion: he was relapsing into vacuity when the sound of a mandoline struck on his ear. The sounds became louder as he proceeded onwards: he approached the back of a small cassino, and, looking through a painted lattice as he passed, saw a signora holding an instrument, which she was tuning. He alighted from his beast, while the fair *incognita* sung and accompanied the following

### CANZONETTA.

When Love entwines two youthful hearts,
He weaves a wreath of joy and gladness;
He tips with rosy smiles his darts,
Nor heaves a sigh of woe or sadness.

*Burthen.*

I sing the willow, the waving willow,
That sips the stream, the margin kissing;
While maidens sleep upon their pillow,
But wake to find each true love missing.

Too soon shall parents' keenest eyes,
With cautious prudence, spoil their wooing;
Then doubts and fears vent frequent sighs,
And Love is blamed for their undoing.
I sing, &c.

The rose's stem holds many a thorn,
When pluck'd, the maiden's finger wounding;
And blandest smiles may lips adorn,
The heart with falsest vows abounding.
I sing, &c.

There are moments when the mind yields to the first object which presents itself; and Don Cæsar, as soon as the air was finished, found himself in the presence of the fair performer. It was long after vesper prayer when he presented himself before the signora, who, on his entrance, uttered a shriek of surprise; but on beholding before her a handsome cavalier, who united with the most engaging address an interest-

ing demeanour, she soon recovered her composure. "Be not alarmed, signora," said Don Cæsar, "but rather listen to my apology, and pardon the intrusion of a man, who, presuming on the sweetness of your tones, which tempted him to listen, would offer his thanks to you for robbing him of some moments of misery."—"Signor cavalier," said the maiden, "I accept your excuses: there is an air of frankness in your manner which charms me, and which has gained you my confidence. Sit, I beseech you; you seem fatigued, and I would for once withhold the caution of a Spanish maiden by offering you a repose under this roof, but my father, who is absent, forbids I should thus indulge my wishes, or even long entertain you. I will, however, procure for you a guide to the next venta, whenever you please, and on the morrow you may resume your journey." Such an influence is gained over us by candour of behaviour, that it is not extraordinary that two persons thus circumstanced should soon become intimate. Perhaps there was a little curiosity excited in the breast of the lady, which made her wish to be better acquainted with the cavalier. On the part of Don Cæsar he gave way to this novel introduction, in hopes it might divert his languor: they agreed to meet on the morrow, for an opportunity to communicate their ideas further; and with a most agreeable profusion of *addios*, he departed.

The period at which we take up our narrative found Don Cæsar de Mora under the most complete dominion of that tyrannic passion called love. He had become the slave of a pair of the blackest eyes in all Spain, and it was in vain he essayed to recover the dominion his mistress had gained over his reason. Don Cæsar would most certainly have become enervated with *ennui*, had it not been for this passion of love, which, though he affirmed it made him wretched, yet in point of fact it served as a something on which he could anchor the hope of employment and thought.

Situated as this noble Spaniard was with regard to Camilla Fernandez, it is more than probable he would never have been sensible of the full strength of his passion, had not the parents of her whom he loved violently opposed his inclinations; but the obstacles thrown in his way increased the value of the opposition, and while he affected to mourn her absence in torpidity and indolence, he was ready, on the first opportunity, to gain possession of her by all the quixotic exertions of a young and sanguine admirer. At the time, however, when he had become an inmate at the cassino, no bodily exertions of his could have answered the wished-for purpose. It is true, that Camilla, reposing in the convent of St. John of Compostella, might be torn from its walls, and he might thus possess her; but he was not certain that her heart would be his also, or that she would allow of this violence, in order that she might be put in possession of what she valued at a distance. Camilla, who had ever been a dutiful daughter, because her education had taught her, that it required little resolution to acquiesce in the wishes of her parents while they only required of her common duties, had

no idea that others would at a future time be demanded of her of more difficulty to comply with. She had seen her favourite cavalier at a bull-fight, and he was the only man that her eyes had ever returned to gaze on after the first recognition. She now believed that there was not so handsome a man in the whole world; she had therefore made up her mind as to future consequences. She had admitted, in the most thoughtless way possible, a guest into her bosom, that she would find no little trouble in ejecting; and she now for the first time found the commands of her parents tyrannical and unreasonable. Camilla had committed an action too imprudent to be palliated; she had condescended to receive a billet from Don Cæsar unknown to her parents—she had broken that line of conduct which a female never oversteps with impunity—she had allowed the besieger to parley, and it is ten to one if the castle is not obliged to capitulate on the terms of the enemy.

But it is not of the imprudence of Camilla, or the enervation of Don Cæsar, that we have now to speak. It may, however, be necessary to say, that, during this pause so awful to Don Cæsar, he abandoned himself to that despair, which could not have been more violent had his mistress altogether rejected him. He had now no way of passing his time, but by indulging in complaints, throwing himself by the side of some purling stream, playing his hymn to the Virgin, to crown his wishes with success, or pouring the story of his romantic passion into the ear of the first love-sick swain who would bear with his rhapsodies.

Don Cæsar had worked himself up into such an agreeable nervous irritation, that he was indeed *almost* ill. A young cavalier, interesting from lassitude, handsome in features, and with the smartest air possible, was rather a dangerous inmate at the cassino; and yet he neither at this moment thought so, nor did his little warbler give a thought as to the consequence of this connection. She began, however, to feel his absences longer than he intended them, and hailed with joy the sight of his mule in the distant landscape, bearing his master with the most melancholy air possible. Don Cæsar arrived at the door of the cassino: words are few which would prevent the gratification of curiosity strongly excited, and Don Cæsar de Mora began his explanation in the following terms.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## A NEW WAY TO GET MARRIED.

A FEW years ago, when there was no Bazaar to encourage and support female industry, as a gentleman was crossing the Park one morning, he perceived a very young girl, who had a small basket in her hand filled with artificial flowers, accost two young ladies who were tripping along with a footman behind them. He was not near enough to hear what they said, but the timid and supplicating air of the girl, her extreme youth, and some share of beauty, interested him,

and after having observed them for some time in silence, he drew nearer, unperceived by the party.

"And your grandfather is quite helpless, you say?" cried one of the young ladies, in a compassionate accent.—"Quite, madam, and nearly blind."—"Poor man!" rejoined the lady; "your industry, child, is a slender dependence for him: but here," giving her some money, "take this, and if I find you are a good girl, we will be of further service to you."

The girl made a rustic courtesy, and tripped away with the lightness and agility of a fawn. "And the gentleman followed her," cries one of our fair readers. No, he did not, madam. She was unquestionably a pretty girl, and our hero, whom we shall call Dorville, compassionated her apparent distress; but he was convinced she was in good hands, and there was something in the voice and side-face of the *incognita* who had addressed her, which interested him very powerfully. "My dear Julia," said she to her companion, when the girl left them," we must inquire into the truth of this poor child's story." —"And for what purpose?" asked Julia, who now opened her lips for the first time.—"Because, cousin, if her distress is so urgent as she represents it, we must endeavour to do something for her."—"Really, Caroline," returned Julia, "you are an absolute female Quixotte: but I must beg you will leave me out of this benevolent plan; for during the month you have been in town, you have picked my pocket so completely, that I shall have scarcely any of my last quarter's allowance left, when I have bought my dress for the ball: and it must be a plain robe after all, for I have not money enough to purchase any thing else."

"If I was half as pretty as you," said Caroline, good-humouredly, "I should be satisfied with a plain robe always, since you do not want ornaments to set you off. However, I shall say no more in favour of my *protégée* till I have ascertained that she is really an object worthy of your charity."—"I don't doubt the truth of the girl's story," cried Julia, in a peevish tone, "but it is impossible to give to every body; and besides, I must have a dress for the ball."—"Very well, I will sell you one." —"You!" —"Yes, I. You recollect the gown I have embroidered as a present for my friend Miss Harley on her marriage."—"What, that beautiful dress?"—"Yes, her nuptials are deferred for some months, so that I shall have time to work another; and as I think I owe you some recompence for the contributions I have levied on you since I have been in town, you shall have it, and I know you will do something for my little *protégée*, if she proves a good girl."

"Dear Caroline, you are the oddest of creatures! How many hints has Lady Richland given you of her desire to possess some of your beautiful work, but you never paid any attention to them!" —"Because," cried Caroline, laughing, "I was very well aware that I could never pick her ladyship's pocket for any charitable purpose."—"Perhaps not," said Julia, "but her patronage would have been very useful to you, and you know how fond she is of presenting young people whom she affects to consi-

der as her *protégées* with elegant and expensive ornaments."—"My dear Julia, that is the very reason I was deaf to her hints; I have no desire to be ranked among the number of her ladyship's *protégées*, and I am too indifferent about finery to accept of obligations from one who is almost a stranger to me."

At this moment Caroline perceived Dorville, and she became silent. Not a syllable of what she had said, however, was lost upon him. "What a noble spirit has this girl!" thought he; "how different from the giddy triflers with whom I have hitherto associated!" He quickened his pace, and as he passed the ladies, he turned to get a full view of them. Caroline, however, was by no means handsome; her figure indeed, though *petite*, was well formed and graceful, but her features were far from regular: yet Dorville thought there was something very captivating in the mingled expression of sense, vivacity, and good-nature which her countenance displayed; and becoming on a sudden skilled in physiognomy, a second look assured him, that she would make a good wife, and he now began to think his resolutions against matrimony had been too hasty.

The companion of Caroline was a very fine figure, but the thick veil which she wore entirely concealed her face. He kept them in view till they entered a carriage which waited for them, but from the speed with which the coachman drove, he soon lost sight of them. He walked home vexed at his ill luck, and determined to spare no pains to discover his *incognita*. He frequented for a month the Park, the theatres, every place, in short, where he thought there was a chance of seeing her, but without success; and he discontinued his pursuit with a good deal of chagrin. One morning, while his thoughts were employed upon this provoking subject, an old acquaintance, who was recently returned to England, came to pay him a visit. "Well, George," cried he, after some conversation on indifferent subjects, "have you yet seen the brilliant and beautiful Miss Beverly, who has turned the heads of half the town, and is allowed to be the finest woman in England?"—"Not I," returned the other in a splenetic tone, "I have no curiosity about her."—"What," said Mr. Meredith, laughing, "have you lost your relish for beauty, or been jilted, and so put out of humour *pro tempore* with the sex?"—"On the contrary," replied Dorville, "I never was in better humour with the sex; but, unfortunately, the only individual of it who possesses the power to interest me, is, I am afraid, completely out of my reach."—"Well, since that is the case, I will introduce you to-morrow to Miss Beverly, and my life for it her bright eyes will drive this fair tyrant of yours from her strong hold in your affections in less than a week."

Curious to see this beautiful Miss Beverly, Dorville accordingly accompanied his friend next day to the general's, and was presented to a lady whom he would have acknowledged to be superlatively beautiful, had not a glance at a female who stood by her side convinced him, that he had at last discovered his *incognita*.

He was right, the amiable Caroline was indeed the cousin of Miss Beverly, whose voice soon convinced Dorville, that she was the Julia of whose conversation in the Park he did not retain the most favourable recollection.

Need we say that the brilliant eyes of Julia did not seduce our hero from his allegiance to her more interesting though less lovely cousin, whose *protégée*, the flower-girl, he took the earliest opportunity to inquire about? Caroline assured him, that the poor girl had not exaggerated her distress; and he found that although Caroline had done all she could, the poor family were still far from being comfortably provided for; and he immediately and liberally relieved their wants, and then devised a plan for their future comfort. What could be more natural than that he should submit his plan to Caroline, their first benefactress? and is it to be wondered at, that her warm approval of, and participation in, his benevolent schemes, should insensibly lead them to see each other so often, that they soon found it impossible to part without regret?

"My dear Caroline," cried he one morning while they were conversing, "do you know that at this moment I think you are as beautiful as an angel?"

"Do you know," said Caroline, laughing, "that at this moment I think you flatter most abominably?"

"Not at all; if I think you beautiful, it is because I see in your countenance all those benevolent and social virtues which will render you at once the pride and delight of your future husband. I am not yet worthy of you, Caroline, but I dare venture to say, that, blessed with your hand, I might become so: under your gentle influence every good propensity of my nature would be encouraged, and every evil one restrained; and in making your pursuits and pleasures mine, I should render my fortune a blessing to all around me."

The happy Dorville took the soft confusion and blushing silence of his Caroline for a tacit approval, and some weeks afterwards the nuptial knot was tied; nor has either yet repented their choice. The talents of Caroline are incessantly exerted to render her husband's home delightful, and her affection for him is kept alive by the tender and attentive politeness with which he treats her, and the liberal spirit with which he enters into and seconds the benevolent plans which form the chief business and the great pleasure of her life.

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## AN EMIGRANT'S VISIT TO FRANCE IN 1815.

*IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.*

### LETTER IV.

PARIS, Feb. 27.

*Dear* HOWARD,

YOU have seen the death of the regicide La Primaudiere announced in your papers. May his penitence be accepted! I have no doubt it was lively and sincere. Notwithstanding the indelible stain which his vote for the death of the martyred Louis must ever leave

upon his memory, La Primaudiere was not naturally cruel; he had from his boyish days been noted for a gloomy and reflecting temper: the perusal of history was his favourite amusement; and, in the outset of his career, he was, I believe, led away by the hope of beholding in France a government purely republican, erected upon the ruins of the monarchy. When time had discovered to him the fallacy of this hope, and the inutility of the dreadful sacrifice which he had made, grief and repentance seized upon him; the share which he had in the death of his sovereign was a constant canker in his heart; and though the excessive pride of his temper prevented him from openly acknowledging his anguish, he was a prey to remorse for several years before his death.

While he was a member of the Convention, he was sent to the town of ———, with a commission to inquire into the conduct of twelve families, who were pointed out to the Convention as acting inimically to the government. They were rich; and this circumstance certainly did not lessen the desire of their accusers to find them guilty. On the arrival of La Primaudiere, he took up his abode at the house of one of the suspected persons; and he had soon reasons to believe, that they were much attached to the old government, but they possessed no actual means of doing harm to the new; nor could he discover that they had entered into any plot against it. The fervour of his patriotism had by this time subsided; and finding that they were innocent in point of fact, he took no steps against them. Some time passed, and the Convention, finding nothing done in the business, dispatched another citizen, with directions to inquire into the conduct of La Primaudiere: if reprehensible, he was to be sent back to Paris under a guard; if otherwise, the citizen was directed to remain in his place, and to send him on a similar mission to a town at some distance. As La Primaudiere's conduct was clear of all suspicion, his colleague, soon after his arrival, announced to him the orders he had received, and desired him to prepare for his departure. La Primaudiere, though he trembled for the fate of the suspected persons, put on a satisfied air, and said to his colleague, "We must be careful to discriminate in this affair between prejudice and truth; these people are good citizens, devoted to the republic; and I am convinced they have been falsely accused. You will, however, have an opportunity of judging for yourself: you cannot be better lodged than here; and I have no doubt, on my return to Paris, of finding you well satisfied with their behaviour." The next thing to be done was to put the family upon their guard: the eldest daughter, though very young, appeared to possess much prudence and strength of mind, and to her he revealed the secret. "Every thing," said he, "will depend upon your prudent management; let your father feign illness; this will give him a pretence to keep his chamber: my principal fear arises from him, since I know that he is very unguarded, and one rash word would assuredly cost him his life. Your brothers and yourself must treat my colleague with

cordiality and frankness; seem neither solicitous to discuss nor to avoid political topics; but in the little you may be obliged to say, take care to speak with due respect of the republic. I need not caution you to keep this warning secret, since your lives, as well as mine, would be forfeited, were it known I had confided to you the object of my mission."

Poor Julie, trembling and in tears, promised to obey his directions; and the next morning he took his leave of the family. His colleague was so well satisfied with what he saw, that, on his return to Paris, he informed the Convention, that La Primaudiere deserved their thanks for sparing the blood of good citizens. A friend of mine dined with La Primaudiere at the house of this very family some time ago, and hearing the young people call him father, repeated the word with surprise. "Oh!" cried Julie, "we have two fathers, one who gave, and the other who preserved, our lives." La Primaudiere would have waved the subject, but Julie said she must for once be a disobedient daughter; and she related the anecdote I have given you.

Our political horizon brightens, and will soon, I hope, be quite clear. Sandford, however, cannot forgive Frenchmen for not insisting, when they had the power to do so, upon a constitution modelled exactly after that of England. "It is the best constitution in the world, I grant you, for Englishmen," said the Marquis F. the other day, when he made the observation.—"And why for Englishmen?" asked Sandford, rather surlily.—"Because," returned the marquis, "they are a people who know how to use, without abusing, liberty. The lowest among your mechanics will sit down over his bread, cheese, and porter, to appoint a new ministry, remodel the taxes, and reform the various abuses which have, as he says, crept into the constitution; and, after he has expressed his decided opinion that the nation is upon the brink of ruin, and can only be saved by an entire change of men and measures, he goes very quietly about his usual business. But grant Frenchmen a similar licence, and we should have plots and insurrections every day; their naturally restless spirit and love of change require restraints unnecessary to your more temperate and better-judging countrymen."—"You are right, marquis; you are certainly right," cried Sandford; "you place the matter in a very clear point of view; I wonder it never struck me before." He observed to me the next day, that F. was really a devilish clever fellow: "But did I not hear him say something," cried he, "of his relations, the Mowbrays?"—"Yes," answered I, maliciously, for I surmised what he was going to say, "he is nearly allied to that ancient and respectable family."—"Oh!" cried Sandford, "that accounts for the serious and reflecting turn which I perceive in him. I thought he had a little English blood in his veins; an intermarriage, I suppose, mother or grandmother, hey?"—"There has been an intermarriage to be sure," replied I, gravely, "but I believe it has not yet had time to benefit the blood of poor

F.: his sister gave her hand a short time ago to a Mowbray." A pshaw, in Sandford's most fretful tone, was his only answer.

As I have little to interest me here, I mean shortly to pay a visit to Clairon, who has taken possession of his old living; but you will probably receive one more letter from me before I quit Paris. I know that you always remember me affectionately to my old friends; and believe me, dear Howard, that my return to my own country has taught me to value more than ever the social comforts I have enjoyed in yours.

DE GRAMMONT.

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## THE MISERIES OF TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

*Mr.* EDITOR,

AN event happened a few weeks ago, which I fancied would render me the happiest man in the world, but, on the contrary, I have been completely miserable almost ever since. The event I mean, sir, is a legacy of ten thousand a year, which devolved to me by the will of a very distant relation, a person whom I had in fact scarcely ever heard of. As my income was only two hundred per annum, for which, by the bye, I was obliged to attend daily in a public office, you may suppose my joy on the occasion was excessive. When my first transports had a little sudsided, I flew to my friend Dick Spinbrain, in order to surprise him and his wife with the news. I found him just sitting down to dinner with his family: as I am a great favourite with the children, they shouted with joy on seeing me; and Dick, in his usual good-natured way, desired me to take a chair and do as they did. Mrs. Spinbrain told her eldest boy to place a seat for me by her side, and assured me I should find her stewed eels excellent. As I had not dined, I complied with her invitation, and sat down with the intention of keeping my good fortune secret till after dinner. I was so full of it, however, that I could not refrain from communicating it to them before I had eaten two mouthfuls. Mercy upon me! what an unpleasant revolution did my news produce! As they saw I had no appetite, the dinner was hurried over, with many apologies for its homeliness, although it was as good as I had ever partaken of at their table: the two youngest boys, whom I am particularly fond of, were turned out of the room, lest their noise should give Mr. Homely (I was no longer friend Jack with poor Spinbrain) the head-ache; and Mrs. Spinbrain, instead of remaining as usual with her husband and me after dinner, quitted the room with much ceremony. As soon as she was gone, Dick began a very grave and edifying harangue on the true use of riches, and the happiness he felt at their falling into such good hands as mine. During the early part of the dissertation I had some difficulty to keep myself from yawning, but as he very hospitably enlivened it by frequent application to some excellent old port which was upon the table, we were beginning to get rid a little of the demon of formality, and enjoy ourselves in our usual way, when we received a sum-

mons to tea; and, on adjourning to the drawing-room, we found the Widow Heartwell and Miss Frankly (the latter, by the way, was an old flirt of mine,) with Mrs. Spinbrain. I soon saw that the ladies had been informed of my good fortune, by the ceremonious politeness with which they received me. I strove in vain to recover my former easy and familiar footing with them: Mrs. Heartwell was shocked to death when I reminded her of the hearty boxes which she had bestowed upon my ears for plundering her custards, when I was a boy of twelve years old; and when I spoke of our evening gambols at Farmer Flail's, the uncle of Miss Frankly, she observed, with a blush and a sigh, that no doubt those recollections would speedily be obliterated by the gay scenes I should now mix in. It was in vain for me to protest, that no change in fortune should ever make me forget my old friends; I saw incredulity lurk in every countenance; and, after several fruitless efforts to give an easy and general turn to the conversation, I took my leave, mortified enough at finding that my good fortune had not a more lively effect upon the feelings of friends, whose joy on the occasion I had imagined would have been equally voluble and sincere.

Early the next morning I received a visit from Mr. Plausible, with whom, in my boyish days, I had been very intimate; but as he had latterly, as the phrase is, got up in the world, he treated me in general with a degree of *nonchalance* which my pride found it hard to brook. Now, however, he entered with an air of the utmost familiarity and good humour.—"Ha! Harry, my boy! what, still abed? for shame, you lazy fellow! come get up, and come home to breakfast with me. Mrs. Plausible was asking me yesterday what had become of you, for she says it is an age since you have been to our house." *Entre nous*, Mr. Editor, she hardly spoke to me when she saw me there, and this recollection came across me so strongly at that moment, that I declined his invitation; but he was determined, he said, not to stir till I promised to take a bit of mutton with him *en famille* that very day. As I had no idea that he was acquainted with my change of fortune, I was much pleased with an attention, which, as I thought, proceeded from regret for his past neglect of me. Accordingly I made my appearance very punctually at six o'clock in my friend's drawing-room; but I had nearly made a sudden exit when I saw that the family party consisted of about twenty persons, all of whom had evidently paid due attention to their toilets; the ladies, in particular, were quite in *grand costume*, in order, as I afterwards found, to do honour to my worship. I felt truly ashamed of my boots and round hat, but the excuses which I began to make to Mrs. Plausible, were declared to be totally unnecessary among friends. At these words I looked round the brilliant circle, but I could not see any body present, my host and family excepted, with whom I had more than a hat acquaintance, and not above four or five even of these. When dinner was announced, Plausible whispered me to hand the Hon. Miss Afterday to the dining-

room; and when I was going to take my usual place at a corner of the table near the bottom, Mrs. Plausible insisted upon my placing myself at her left hand. Not a word had been said about my sudden acquisition of fortune, but from all these manœuvres I was pretty certain that my friends were no strangers to it. If, however, I had entertained any doubts upon the subject, the pains which Mrs. Plausible took to direct my attention to her niece, Miss Priscilla Plausible, would have dispelled them. I had often seen the young lady before, but never was favoured with any greater share of her attention than a cold monosyllable, or a haughty bend of the head, in return for my low bow and civil inquiry after her health. Now, however, things were altered: the aunt took every opportunity that she decently could, during the time the ladies were at table, to expatiate on the good qualities of her niece, in a whispering conversation with the lady who sat on her right hand; and no sooner did I enter the drawing-room after dinner, than the fair Priscilla prepared to rivet the fetters with which she fancied her bright eyes had already loaded me, by warbling some Italian airs in a style extremely affected and theatrical. The company appeared to be in raptures; every body exclaimed, "What taste! what brilliancy of execution!" and I was as loud in my exclamations as any of the rest. I should have been more insensible indeed than the stocks and stones who did homage to the musical talents of Orpheus, if I had not; for the young lady's fine eyes pointed the words of the amatory air, which she sung in a style that would have been very flattering to me, if I had not been convinced that the song, and the tender glances which accompanied it, were addressed entirely to my ten thousand a year. I took my leave at an early hour, and from that time to this I have steadily resisted all Plausible's intreaties to take another family dinner at his house.

Well, sir, you may say that these are trivial vexations, and perhaps I should deem them so if I had a relish for the enjoyments which my money would produce, but unfortunately I have not. Neither my education, nor my habits of life, qualify me for a man of fashion; my conversation unfits me for a *bon-vivant*; I dislike plays; have no skill in horses or dogs; and not the least ambition to seek the notoriety which is to be gained by the cut of a collar, or the new-modelling of a pocket-hole. I am also, when with strangers, very subject to the weakness which our polite neighbours term *mauvaise honte*: yet to strangers I must resort, since among my acquaintance, those whose society I could enjoy, and whose friendship I am convinced I possess, have lost all that easy and cheerful familiarity which alone can render conversation delightful; while others, on the contrary, who, like my friend Plausible, neglected me in my comparative obscurity, now load me with attentions so obviously the result of my altered circumstances, that I turn from them with disgust. It would be a shame, at least every body says so, for a man of my fortune to do any thing: I have therefore given up my situation, and my days now pass in the most weari-

some and insipid manner. I have, indeed, one means yet left to enliven my existence: you will guess, Mr. Editor, I mean matrimony; but even there again my confounded fortune is a stumbling-block, since I am fearful that the fair one I might select, would probably, in giving me her hand, be influenced by Plutus rather than Cupid: it is, however, a risk which I believe I must run, since I can no longer support the *ennui* which preys upon the health and spirits of your unfortunate, humble servant,

HARRY HOMELY.

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## THE FEMALE TATTLER.

### No. IV.

Heaven's last, best work.——MILTON.

THE following letter, which I promised to my readers in my last number, on the subject of the very useful, and as I trust it will prove prosperous, institution, called the *Bazaar*, established by the benevolent policy of Mr. Trotter, is now presented to the attention of my readers.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

*Madam,*

It cannot but have been a frequent subject of reflection, not unattended with regret, which every street of great passage in this metropolis suggests, especially to the female observer, when the occupations particularly suited to women appear to be so frequently engrossed by men. How often do I see half a dozen or more stout fellows, who, as far as figure and manly exterior may be considered, are qualified to serve his majesty by sea or by land, arranged behind a counter of a haberdasher's shop, measuring tape or bobbin, weighing skeins of thread, or reckoning the number of shirt-buttons on a card! Arms that have sufficient strength to poize a musket, or to fell a tree, or saw its trunk, are too often displayed in applying the ribbon to the yard, or winding fringe round the fingers, before it is delicately wrapped up as an elegant parcel, to answer the demands of some fair, simpering customer. In fact, without multiplying these disgusting pictures of feminine men, it may be said, without the fear of contradiction, that there is not a single profession which, in the middle of the last century, was exclusively occupied by the women, which is not now invaded by the men. Such is not the right and regular order of things; and I think the change in female manners which now prevails (and who will venture to say it is for the better?) may be in some degree attributed to such a deviation from the simple and rational modes of life encouraged and practised by those good people who lived in times which we can only know and admire from traditionary information. For it is not only the injury which it does to those of our sex who are to get their bread by some honest avocation, but it brings women of the independent classes into that familiarity with men, by this eternal communication in all the daily circumstances of life, that the timidity of the female character is often lost, before its life is begun, or its entrance

into the larger society of the world has been obtained. Besides, these amphibious creatures acting as men in the female professions, acquire such an easy sort of chit-chat behaviour, that to look at them from a distance where you could not exactly discover the business between them and their fair customers, they might be supposed to be friendly acquaintance in a little *causette* on the current events of the day: for as gentlemen, and this is also a crying evil, are in the habit of dressing like their inferiors, and as persons of the class to whom I have been alluding, affect a certain degree of smartness in their appearance, the latter are very often the better dressed of the two.

As I am a married woman and the mother of children, I may be allowed to speak on the subject without impropriety: but I have heard my grandmother, who lived to a very advanced period, assert, and her veracity was beyond all challenge, that when she was married to my grandfather, such a profession as that of an *accoucheur* exclusively, was not in existence; now such a thing as a *midwife* would be as rare a discovery. Her present Majesty, who had a degree of delicacy which it would be for the honour of her female subjects if they were found to possess, would have no other assistance in giving to the world one of the finest families of children in it, but such as was afforded by a certain Mrs. Draper (I think that was the lady's name), whom she preferred to Dr. Hunter and all the doctors of the obstetric art; and whose skill and care justified, as is well known, the high confidence which was placed in it. It is a subject which I cannot continue, nor is it necessary. *Verbum sat* was a common expression of my father's, and which means, as he told me, "a word to the wise."

My doctrines, however, I shall follow with a story, which will very sufficiently illustrate them. I had it from the information of a very worthy man, to whom the circumstances happened which I am about to relate; and if I am qualified to vouch for any thing, I will vouch for the truth of them. He related his *historiette* at first in the genuine simplicity of his heart, and it became a frequent source of mirth, pleasant raillery, and, at times, of very severe remark, in our domestic circle while he remained in town.

I shall personalize the gentleman, for the better telling the story, and say, that Mr. B—— was a country gentleman of independent fortune and good education, who, from studious habits and a tranquil disposition, preferred the seat of his ancestors and the calm pleasures of the country, to a house in a square in London and the hurry of a town life. He had married a very amiable young lady, the daughter of a gentleman in the same county, of a character entirely suited to his own. They were, of course, as happy as sublunary mortals are ever known to be; and during fifteen years of their contented union, they never visited London but once, which, after remaining there for a couple of months, they quitted with a mutual declaration, that nothing but some pressing necessity should ever induce them to see it again. But happiness was not made to last; and it had actually lasted sixteen years with them, when the lady was

summoned to another and a better world, without leaving any offspring to inherit her virtues or console a father's afflictions. His were great; but reason, religion, and time began at length to weaken the poignancy of his regret. The solitariness of his life, the advice of friends, and the want of an heir to a fine estate, which, without one, would go to a very distant relation, whose character he did not approve, and whose behaviour had been very offensive to him, produced a resolution in his mind to make a second approach to the altar of Hymen.

A lady in his own neighbourhood, whom he had known from a child, gave a very fair promise that his course of matrimonial happiness would be renewed, and, to give her the honour due to her, she kept it. He was now forty, and she was younger than he by fifteen years; but this disparity, if it were so, was reconciled by her known good sense and many amiable qualities. They were accordingly married. But the second wife had seen somewhat more of the world than the former: she had received part of her education in London, and had past a winter there as well as at Bath; so that she had a degree of worldly, or to use a better phrase, fashionable knowledge, which her predecessor did not possess. This, and some other family circumstances, produced a proposition from him, to pass two or three months of the first winter after their marriage in town. A handsome house was accordingly taken in Wimpole-street, and there we are to suppose them seated as comfortably as any rational people can be, who want for nothing. He used to observe occasionally on a change, as he thought it for the worse, in public manners; but it did not affect him, and he had too much understanding to make himself uneasy at public evils which he could not remedy.

One day, however, as he was reading in the lower room of his house that looked into the street, he heard a kind of a very gentle dumb knock at the door, which rather awakened his curiosity, and going to the window, he observed a very smart man waiting as it appeared for admittance; and in fact he was not only admitted, but ushered by the servant up stairs to his lady. Mr. B— was not of a jealous disposition, and, of all men in the world, he had the least cause for jealousy; but such a very smart man being conducted into his wife's dressing-room, without any communication to him who the visitor was, roused his curiosity, and though he never did such a thing in his life before, he determined to look through the keyhole; when he saw, to his utter astonishment, a man upon his knees before Mrs. B—, and just as much of her leg as displayed the clock of her silk stocking. He then quietly entered the room, when she displayed a most elegant pair of green morocco boots, and asked him, if he thought that Diana had ever been so shod. The man upon his knees was a shoemaker. Mr. B— did not betray himself, but admired the articles, said he would put the question to Diana the next time he met her, and returned down stairs, with an *O tempora! O mores!* to resume his book. Not many days after, he happened to be standing near the window, when he saw a very smart

man pass hastily along, and give another of those quiet raps at the door. This gentleman was also ushered up to madame, and monsieur was determined to see whether this was a shoemaker too; and applying his eye once more to the keyhole, he thought, for he could not believe his eyes, that he saw this visitor's arms round Mrs. B—'s waist. He accordingly ventured upon another intrusion, and found that this harmless person was taking measure of the lady for a pair of *corsets.* He accordingly made some excuse for coming up stairs, and then went down again, with a determined resolution never to trouble himself about who came into the house, or who went out of it. Nor did he make any further inquiries on these subjects, till one morning a handsome chariot stopped at the door; a violent rap succeeded, when a very elegant man descended from the carriage, and with a very quiet step, ascended the staircase to the lady's apartment. The figure and appearance were such as to determine him to gratify his curiosity with one more indulgence: he accordingly approached the dressing-room, and the door being a-jar, he distinctly saw the beau seated on a sofa with the lady, holding her hand in his, and both of them mutually whispering to each other. He accordingly did not hesitate to enter the room, in order to obtain an explanation of this mysterious state of things; when the gentleman in question rose instantly from his seat, and, with an exulting look, wished Mr. B— joy: "for, sir," said he, "you may take my word for it, your lady is in a state of pregnancy, and I hope, with all my heart, that it will prove a son and heir." —"My love," added Mrs. B—, "this is Dr. Forceps, the celebrated *accoucheur.*"—Mr. B— was now so delighted to think that he should be a father and have an heir to his estate, that he almost disjointed the doctor's delicate wrist by shaking his hand, invited him to dine with him the next day, gave him Burgundy, Champagne, and claret, with every delicacy in season.

Such is my story, which all the parties concerned, and their more intimate friends, have laughed at often; and they will laugh at it once more when they read it, as I will take care they shall do, in the *Repository,* wherein you will, I doubt not, cause it to be inserted. Every reflecting person will naturally make his own observations, and I shall not take the liberty of adding mine, as I am very apt to think that I should only forestal them.

I shall therefore proceed to Soho-square, whose admirable institution for enabling industrious and ingenious women to pursue their professions independent of the men, demands the acknowledgment and claims the encouragement of the female world. I most solemnly engage it shall have mine; nor will I hereafter purchase any thing any where else, that I shall be able to find of a due make and quality among the females of the Bazaar.

But there is a writer in your *Repository,* who is for introducing young men among them at once, whether they will or no; and recommends the Bazaar as a place where mechanics and artizans, when they are just quit of their inden-

tures, may maintain a young wife, if they are matrimonially inclined. Now this appears to me to be the precise period when a young man should not think of the altar of Hymen. He should be able to provide for a wife before he thinks of taking one; and not take a wife, and then look out for a place where she may maintain herself. I know not for my part, what a young married woman could do at the Bazaar with any prospect of success, unless there should be a shop in it for *wet-nurses;* and then, indeed, she might stand a chance of being a saleable article. I am, madam, with great regard, your obliged, humble servant.

FELICIA MOTHERLY.

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## PLATE 21.—ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND IMPERIAL SLEDGE-PARTY AT VIENNA, IN JANUARY, 1815.

As the short paper in our last number respecting the favourite winter amusement of the Continent has given so much satisfaction to our readers, we trust that we shall render an acceptable service by introducing, in the present, a description of the memorable sledge-party which took place at Vienna on the 22d January, 1815, and which was graced by the presence of many of the sovereigns and princes of Europe.

A detachment of cavalry, several officers of the court, and a large sledge with trumpeters, followed by the richly decorated sledge of Count Trautmannsdorf, master of the horse, opened the cavalcade. Then came the other sledges in the following order:—

The Emperor of Austria with the Empress of Russia.

The Emperor of Russia with the Dowager Princess of Auersperg.

The King of Denmark with the Grand-Duchess Maria of Russia.

The King of Prussia with the Countess Julie Zichy Festitits.

The Grand-Duke of Baden with the Dowager Countess Lazansky.

Prince Charles of Bavaria with the Countess Saurau-Hunyady.

The Archduke Palatine with the Grand-Duchess Catharine, Duchess of Oldenburg.

Prince William of Prussia with the Countess Fuchs-Gallenberg.

The Hereditary Prince of Austria with the Archduchess Clementina.

The Archduke Rainer with Countess Herberstein-Moltke-Kollowrat.

The Archduke Lewis with Countess Cavriani Esterhazy.

The Duke of Holstein-Beck with Countess Fritsch.

The Archduke Anthony with Princess Caroline of Fürstenberg.

The Prince of Trautmannsdorf with his daughter, Countess Maria Anna.

The Archduke Ferdinand with Baroness von Hohenegg.

The Archduke John with Countess Cavriani.

The Hereditary Prince of Würtemberg with the Princess Lichtenstein-Esterhazy.

The Duke of Saxe-Weimar with Countess Odonell-Gaisruck.

Count Wrbna with Countess Wallujeff.

The Archduke Charles with the

Dowager Countess Esterhazy-Roisin.

Prince Leopold of Sicily with Countess Mniszek-Lubomirska.

The Hereditary Prince of Bavaria with Countess Keglevits-Zichy.

Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen with the Princess of Esterhazy-Taxis.

Count Charles Zichy with Countess Zichy-Szecseny.

Prince Windischgrätz with Countess Verian-Windischgrätz.

Prince Augustus of Prussia with Countess Bathyany-Szecseny.

Count Nicholas Esterhazy with Countess Esterhazy-Festitits.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg with Countess Wallstein-Rzewuska.

The Prince of Auersberg with Countess Sturzka.

Count Francis Zichy with Lady Castlereagh.

Prince Paul Esterhazy with Lady Radcliff.

Count Charles Zichy with Countess Beust.

The sledges of the emperors and kings were in the form of a phaeton, as represented in the annexed engraving. The body was covered both inside and out with green velvet, bordered with rich gold fringe and tassels. The fore part was adorned by a plume of white and black ostrich feathers. The parts supporting the body were profusely decorated with carving, and gilt all over. The sledges of the two kings resembled these, but were not so highly embellished; and those of the other princes and nobles, most of whom belonged to the court, were all painted light green, lined with black velvet, enriched with gold fringe.

The sledges of the two emperors, and those of the kings of Denmark and Prussia, were surrounded by pages in very tasteful dresses, Hungarian guards in state uniform, imperial equerries, and other attendants on horseback. Those of the other sovereign princes and archdukes were attended by pages and equerries; and the rest were followed by outriders.

Some spare sledges, and a large one with Turkish music, closed the procession.

Each sledge was drawn by two horses, the first four by dapple-greys of extraordinary beauty. Those of the emperors' sledges had housings of green velvet, richly embroidered and adorned with fringe and tassels. All the harness was covered with gold. Upon the head and back were plumes of white and black ostrich feathers.

The cavalcade set out from the palace about two o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded through the principal streets of Vienna to the imperial palace of Schönbrunn, about four miles from the capital, where a dinner was provided for the illustrious party, of which also the Empress of Austria, the King and Queen of Bavaria, and the Archduchess Leopoldine of Austria, partook. After dinner the company repaired to the theatre in the palace of Schönbrunn, where an opera, with ballets composed for the occasion, was performed. On leaving the theatre, the party mounted their sledges, and returned by torch-light, in the same order as they had gone, to the im-

perial palace at Vienna. The pleasures of the day were not clouded by any accident; and the spectacle has left an agreeable impression upon the minds of all by whom it was witnessed.

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## THE ELGIN MARBLES.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer rose, in pursuance of his notice, to call the attention of the House to the collection of marbles in the possession of the Earl of Elgin. This collection was too well known to make it necessary for him to refer to the opinions of the most eminent artists; it was beyond all question the most ancient and genuine that had ever appeared: the country would be proud of possessing a mass of models, to which the united collections of Europe could hardly produce a parallel. He moved that a committee be appointed to inquire, whether the collection of the Earl of Elgin ought to be purchased; and if so, what price ought to be offered for it.—*Parliamentary Debates*, Feb. 23, 1816.

It might be supposed, that the emanation of such an idea from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, would not be opposed by a single dissenting voice; that this chance which we have of defending ourselves as a nation against the imputation of want of real taste or patronage of the art, would be hailed as an epoch of dawning hope, and the opprobrium under which we have long laboured relative to our indifference to works of the highest estimation, would be wiped off for ever by the universal support of any plan that would put us in possession of so inestimable a collection as the Elgin marbles. But, alas! mankind differ even on subjects which must be to their general advantage, and fritter away the fairest opportunities in the indulgence of spleen, envy, opposition, and party spirit. In the first instance, the noble possessor has been vilified as a modern Goth, a Vandal, nay, a worse than Vandal, for robbing Greece of treasures which but for him would no longer have existed; and which were not such to the natives, because the people whose country they adorned, destroyed them without mercy, and for the best of all possible reasons, because the materials, which bore the most sublime compositions of art, were of more value than the compositions themselves to those who were blind to their beauties. Was it robbing Greece, to save for the world what barbarians were destroying in Greece? The Turks demolished these remains of art in order to employ them to mend their own bungling structures; and Lord Elgin, in putting a stop to these ravages, has deserved the thanks of posterity. It was requisite that he should feel all the enthusiasm he did feel, for the arts and for his country, or the relics of Phidias, which had survived the storms of ages, would, ere the nineteenth century of the Christian era, have vanished "like the baseless fabric of a vision, and left not a wreck behind."

It is well known, that the difficulties and expense which Lord Elgin incurred in his favourite object, received no aid from that country which he was about to enrich; for his application to Parliament to purchase what he might have disposed of to France, was of no effect. This proposal was

answered, by the ministers declining to have any thing to do with the business, because it was attended with risk and great loss: and yet there are people unreasonable enough to pretend, that already the Elgin marbles are the property of the country, because, forsooth, the ambassador from our country gained them by his own mental and pecuniary exertions. Another set of persons—for mischief-makers will be doing something—essayed to snatch the laurels from Lord Elgin, by vilifying the works, and libelled Phidias himself, for the purpose of undervaluing the Elgin collection. A person, it is said, whose opinion in matters of taste is highly thought of by those higher classes of society to which merit in art must look for support, quoted Greek, to maintain that Phidias never worked in marble. He was proved to have misconstrued his author, and it was shewn, that Phidias only worked in a baser material with reluctance. —Under this person's sanction it had been said, that the statues and figures in relief of the Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ on the architrave of the Parthenon, were executed by coarse workmen, "scarcely ranking as artists," employed by Phidias, who was careless of what was placed at such a height. Now any one who looks at them as they lie against the walls at Burlington-House, may see that they are exquisitely finished. That eminent Italian sculptor Canova, warmed as he was from the beauties of the Louvre, on his sojourn in England, addressed a letter to Lord Elgin, teeming with the praises of the godlike artist who executed the work, and the noble individual who saved it from destruction.

It is not necessary here, in addition to the eulogium of Canova, to subjoin at length the correspondent ideas of a member of the French Institute, Visconti: I shall, however, copy his concluding words:—"We have only to regret, that the noble idea conceived by Lord Elgin, to withdraw them from the daily ravages of a barbarous people, had not occurred to some rich and powerful amateur a century and a half sooner."

Chandler, in his Travels into Greece, observes, "It is to be regretted, that so much admirable sculpture as is still extant about this fabric (the Parthenon), should be likely to perish, as it were immediately, from ignorant contempt and brutal violence. Numerous carved stones have disappeared; and many, lying in ruinous heaps, moved our indignation at the barbarism daily exercised in defacing them."

Yet to all these arguments have been opposed the maudlin lines of poetry and affected sentiment; the insinuations of those who envy his lordship the conscious feeling of having saved such remnants of pure art, aided by the chandler's shop calculation of men who know nothing of art except as it resembles prettiness, and who would prefer the wax-work monarchs in Westminster Abbey to the sublimity of the Apollo of Belvidere, never to be reached by their comprehension. To compare such sublime compositions as the works of Phidias, to degrade them as mere works of ornament*, may suit that man who has not taste

* See Brougham's speech.

to relish their transcendent beauties: but such people ought to be told, that the arts, carried to perfection, have a purer quality; and that works of sublimity raise the mind of those who contemplate them, to the imitation of those virtues which the hand of genius clothes with dignity. These are, it is true, times in which economy and frugality must be excited and encouraged; but let us not grudge to expend a small portion of our vast resources on objects which have a manifest tendency to improve and dignify human nature. Possessing the cartoons of Raphael, the Elgin marbles, and the minor works of the great and excellent in every department of art, no longer shall the false insinuations of a Winkelmann even reflect on our national taste, but England shall be not less famed in arts than she is in arms.

TORSO.

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*RUDIMENTS for the single and double Movement HARP, exemplified in a clear and concise Manner, with forty-two Exercises for forming the Hands, and the fingering marked; to which are subjoined forty-two progressive Lessons, constructed on pleasing familiar Airs, arranged in the principal Keys: the whole planned, composed, and dedicated to the Miss Sandys*, by Henry Horn, professor of the harp at the King's Theatre. Pr. 15s.

THE contents of this comprehensive work of instruction may be divided into four distinct heads or chapters. In the first, the author enters on the rudiments of music in general; treating, in succession, of notes, their value, rests, cleffs, scales, and other elementary matter, with conciseness and perspicuity. The second part applies more particularly to the harp itself; and here the nature of the single-movement harp, and of the *double-movement harp*, is clearly described and explained by graphic delineation. In a former number of the *Repository* we have given a brief account of this important and admirable invention of a double movement in the pedals by Mr. Sebastian Erard, through which the harp has been rendered one of the most perfect musical instruments in existence; and we are pleased to find the praises which Mr. Horn bestows on this valuable improvement, to confirm the opinion we then had expressed of its great advantages. This instrument, as Mr. H. very properly observes, admits of being played on in *twenty-seven* different major and and minor keys, with an uniform mode of fingering, and, we would add, with equal purity of intervals. After having described his instrument, Mr. H. illustrates at large its manual exercise, and the position of the performer, as well as of the right and left hands. Copious and clear rules direct the student in the practice of arpeggios, the scales, shakes, apoggiaturas, *sons etouffés, sons harmoniques*, &c.; and this portion of the work concludes with an explanation of the Italian words used to describe or qualify the degree of time, or expression,

to be given to a movement. The third part contains forty-two exercises for both hands. These are progressively arranged; they exemplify all the peculiar and most essential varieties of digital practice on the instrument; the leading fingers are indicated throughout, and numerous directions assist the student in the proper performance of particular passages. The last, and most voluminous, division of the book is devoted to forty-two lessons in the most usual keys. These lessons are likewise progressive, and consist of a great number of favourite airs, marches, rondos, dances, themes with variations, &c. which are generally introduced by appropriate and, not unfrequently, elegant preludes. To this cursory sketch of the contents of Mr. Horn's Rudiments, we have only to add our unqualified approbation of his meritorious labour. Every page bespeaks the attention and the judgment he has exerted to produce a guide adequate to the advanced stage of perfection at which this instrument has arrived; and we make no doubt his performance will long remain a standard work of instruction.

*A Selection of German National Melodies, with the Words, both in the Original and translated into English* (Verse); *the whole accompanied by a Treatise on National Music, and the Airs selected* by Charles Baron Arnim. Vol. I.

According to a notice from the publishers, Messrs. Goulding and Co. this work is to be completed in three volumes, each volume consisting of two numbers, and each number containing ten songs. A number is to appear every two months: the price to subscribers for the three volumes is fixed at 20s. per volume; to subscribers for one volume, one guinea per volume; non-subscribers to pay 13s. a number.

The first number, now under consideration, certainly affords a very favourable earnest of the remainder of the work. The translations from the German into English verse are from the several pens of Viscount Strangford, Messrs. Impey, Sotheby, Tighe, and Tolfrey, who seem to have vied with each other in the difficult task of infusing the sense and spirit of the originals into their labour. As far as we can judge, these translations are upon the whole satisfactory; and in numerous instances their poetical language does not betray their being imitations from a foreign idiom. Some exceptions, it is true, might be quoted, as for instance, "The grave is deep and *stilly* (?)" Here and there, too, we observe an occasional neglect of the original metre.

As to the melodies, we have reason to applaud the taste exercised in their selection. Next to the compositions of Himmel, of whom there are several airs in the present number, we find the names of Hurka, Beneken, and Reichard, lyric composers of the first eminence in Germany. Himmel's song "To Hebe" is a beautiful composition, and Mr. Impey's able translation does full justice to the original. Hurka's "Remembrance;" the song "To Laura," by Beneken; "Use of Time," by an author not named, and "The Grave," by Beneken, are equally excellent: indeed the choice of all is so

good, that preference is probably more a matter of taste than the result of comparative superiority. New symphonies have been added; they are in general appropriate enough, although in one or two instances they fall short of the spirit and feeling of the compositions to which they serve as introductions. We likewise regret, that in some of the pieces the original key has (for what reason we know not) been transposed into another, less adapted to the import of the text.

Of Baron Arnim's *Treatise on National Music*, we have to observe, that he seems to have taken considerable pains to present his readers with a very laboured and philosophical essay on the subject. This essay has not gained by the translation from the German, which it evidently has undergone; and we doubt whether its contents will appear sufficiently interesting, or even intelligible, to the generality of that class of persons for whom the publication is calculated. One curious observation of the author's we cannot withhold from our readers. In expressing his doubts, whether harmony, or music in parts, has been invented, or instinctively produced, Baron A. informs us, that "the only beings which by instinct produce a music wherein there is harmony, are the frogs, having their treble, counter-tenor, tenor, and bass."—Whatever harmonious sounds may proceed from an evening concert of German frogs (and Bar. A.'s story of the Berlin frog would warrant such a belief), we can assure him, that those whose croakings *in parts* we have occasionally been doomed to hear in England, appeared to us any thing but *musical* beings.

*Exercises for the Voice, consisting of various Solfeggi, collected from Manuscripts of the late Venanzio Rauzzini; to which are added Specimens of several modern Songs.* Pr. 6s.

We agree with the assertion of the publishers of these exercises, that the treatises we possess on the subject of vocal tuition, rendered the present publication neither superfluous nor useless; and we know of none which offers so much that is essential, and at the same time attractive, to the learner, at so moderate a price, as the book before us. The few directions, or rather hints, which are prefixed to the exercises, are so valuable, and bear so evidently the stamp of matured experience and judgment, that we have to regret nothing but their brevity. The solfeggi, by progressive intervals, major, minor, and chromatic scales, &c. are equally brief, but sufficient to serve as bases for ulterior practice; and the accompaniments under them are well devised. These are followed by several lessons without words, supported also by proper accompaniments; and the concluding, as also the most voluminous portion of the book, consists of a collection of about two dozen specimens of English songs from the works of Arnold, Bishop, Braham, Gretry, Handel, Haydn, Marcello, Mazzinghi, Rauzzini, Stevenson, &c. The amateur will no doubt regret, that, instead of specimens, the songs are not inserted in their complete state, at least with all the stanzas respectively belonging to

each; but the reason the publishers assign, viz. the limits of the price, appear to us unanswerable, for, in our opinion, the purchaser has ample value for his money. The order of the songs, however, was susceptible of a more progressive insertion: the first, for instance, *Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty*, by Handel, is far from being the easiest in the collection.

*Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed and dedicated to Miss Sophia D'Anthing, by* A. A. Klengel. Pr. 3s.

This is the first time we introduce the above author to the acquaintance of our readers, and we can vouch we shall not be found fault with for having done so. The rondo before us is absolutely a first-rate composition; the subject is novel, soft, and extremely melodious, in the pastoral style; and from its simple strains, an exuberance of the most select and classic ideas has been deduced, in all of which good melody, originality, exquisite taste, and sterling science, are at once united. We do not often meet with compositions in which all these requisites of good music are so happily blended; indeed the bias of our individual taste is so analogous to Mr. K.'s style, that, were we to express all the pleasure we derived from this performance, we fear we should be suspected of undue partiality or exaggeration. We recommend it strenuously to that class of players, whose taste and advanced proficiency enable them to seize the author's spirit and meaning, and to give to his thoughts the proper effect. Not that there are any wanton intricacies in the work, but its manner, and the originality of the passages, will afford employment for a quick eye and well-practised fingers.

*A German Song, with Variations, for the Piano-Forte, composed* by Fred. Ries. Pr. 2s.

A very original little German tune forms the theme of these variations, which, besides their musical worth, have the merit of being accessible to performers of moderate proficiency, an advantage not a little to be valued in Mr. Ries's compositions. The most striking of the variations are, No. 2. in which the regular rests between the hands have a novel effect. In var. 3. we observe the left hand employed with great freedom. No. 4. in C minor, is very interesting: with every deference, however, to the author's better judgment, we think the B b in the third bar of the treble produces the effect of consecutive octaves. Var. 6. is playfully spirited. A fine and original adagio constitutes var. 8. but the theme is not easily recognised here. Var. 9. has the subject in the form of an agreeable quick movement, in $\frac{6}{8}$ time, which is followed by a clever coda, entirely and most happily deduced from the subject.

This is the first musical publication we have seen, in which the quickness of the movements is indicated according to Mr. MAELZEL'S METRONOME, or chronometer. As this is not the place for entering upon a description of Mr. Maelzel's invention, which, in point of correctness and practical utility, claims decidedly a preference over all the numerous attempts at chronometers that have been made for this century past, we will only briefly state at present, that the

METRONOME of Mr. Maelzel is a neat portable little instrument, which *beats loudly* the vibrations to which it is set; and the scale of which, being deduced from the division of time into minutes, is universally applicable and intelligible in every country.

*A Collection of Songs, Waltzes, Polonoises, Marches, Rondos, &c. for the Piano-Forte, composed* by C. L. Lithander. Pr. 5s.

Whoever should, from the very diminutive form of this musical pocket-book, draw a conclusion as to the quantity and quality of its contents, would find himself totally mistaken. It comprises no less than three slow movements, two themes with variations, one rondo, five walzes, three country dances, two marches, three polonaises, and four songs. Of this olio, we can affirm in two words, not one piece is indifferent, the majority good, and five or six are truly excellent. To mention some of those pieces which principally attracted our attention, we shall begin with the *andante, p.* 2, the regular construction of which, together with its agreeable flow of unaffected melody, especially in the part in C, *p.* 3, cannot fail to please. The *andantino, p.* 20, merits still higher applause: it is a chaste and pathetic composition; the subject is one of the most attractive simplicity, and its characteristic features are skilfully interwoven in the whole of the movement. After the three clever first bars in *p.* 22, the introduction of a running bass of triplets infuses spirit and rich harmonious action into that page, as well as the ensuing, which is highly elegant: the conclusion is very impressive, and evinces refined musical feeling. A third *andante, p.* 56, the subject of which reminds us strongly of Mozart's *Komm' lieber May*, deserves also our favourable notice; and the same is the case with the succeeding rondo, especially the *minore* parts. The allegretto, *p.* 15, affords a sweet and most interesting theme for a few variations. Of the latter, No. 2. is masterly; and No. 4. together with its fine coda, claims our unqualified commendation. Of the walzes, the one in *p.* 42 is extremely tasteful; and another, *p.* 30, demands our decided favour, especially the subject and whole first part. A march, of a very original and spirited cast, presents itself *p.* 46: its trio, however, although engaging by itself, seems to us to partake too little of the style of the march. The three *polonaises*, one of which is stated to be a national Swedish tune, possess considerable originality, and shew the author's familiarity with the peculiar character of this dance. The polonaise, *p.* 9, is particularly conspicuous, owing to the neat and novel cast of its general melody, and to the agreeable trio in E b, in which the crossing of hands produces the best effect. In regard to the four songs, probably the first lyric essays of Mr. L. in the English language, we are free to own, that the attention he has paid to the metrical quantity, and (especially in the two last) to the sense of his text, would put many an indigenous production to the blush. The first song, *Pluck not from me the mountain Rose*, may be considered as a short musical trifle, not affording scope for much observation, excepting an imperfection of

rhythm in the concluding period, to which an overplus of half a bar has been assigned. In the second song, *The kiss, dear Maid, thy lip has left* (Lord Byron), the erotic text was, we think, susceptible of warmer and more impressive musical colouring. Upon the whole, however, this melody is far from being unsatisfactory. In the harmony, we wish the octave, G, g, in the extreme parts of the first quaver in *p.* 27, had been avoided. The third song, *Dear object of defeated care* (Lord Byron), is a production of very superior merit, in which Mr. L. has not only at every step done full justice to the import of these beautiful lines, but evinced altogether talents of the higher order for lyric composition. The air abounds with original pathetic expression, and a tender feeling of melancholy pervades the whole, precisely as called for by the text; all the ideas are select, and in the accompaniment skill and science are employed to the best effect. From this excellent specimen of Mr. L.'s qualifications as a vocal composer, we proceed to one equally, if not more, deserving of our warmest approbation. It is the last song in the book, and is entitled *Timid Love*. Had we not known its composer, we should have ascribed this air to Haydn without hesitation, so much is not only the melody, but also the style of accompaniment, in the manner of Haydn's celebrated canzonets. The simple pastoral melody is extremely beautiful, and suits the words admirably; but what imparts to it an uncommon degree of interest, is the masterly and novel accompaniment by which it is so strongly supported. If the bent of individual taste do not deceive us, this song will become a favourite with every lover of good vocal music, and establish Mr. L.'s name as a vocal composer.

*National Airs, selected and arranged for the Flute, and respectfully dedicated to Lord Deerhurst*, by C. Nicholson. No. I. Pr. 3s.

The contents of this neat little volume are as follows:—*See the conquering Hero comes, English; Rule Britannia, English; Lewie Gordon, Scottish; Oh, where's the Slave! Irish;* a *Walz* called *Spanish;* a *Polonaise* and an *Aria* by the author; a *German Air*; *Tyrolese Air;* an *Italian Air;* a *German Walz;* and *Sweet Richard, Welsh.* The arrangement of these pieces is as satisfactory as might be expected from a professor of Mr. N.'s eminence. The air is generally given in its original shape first, relieved, where applicable, by figurative embellishments; after which a variation or two are introduced. These, as well as the numerous graces, are devised with much taste. In the Tyrolese air, the third part of the theme is to us unintelligible. Mr. N.'s aria, *p.* 9, is a sweet little movement. We are likewise well satisfied with his *polonaise*, but must observe that the mode of conclusion peculiar to this sort of dance has been neglected. The resolving discord should not have fallen to the third and unaccented crotchet of the last bar but one, but to the first and accented crotchet of the last bar in every part.

*The Irish Duel, or the Loves of Paddy Whack-Mack-Crack and Mr. Mackirkincroft for Katty*

*O'Donohoo, sung by Mr. Johnstone in the new Comedy "Where to find a Friend," at the Theatre Royal Drury-lane, written by T. Dibdin; the Music by* the late Mr. Reeve. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In songs of this description, the applause of the elevated part of the house is rather sought from the text than from the music, which merely serves as a sort of neutral vehicle to convey the words more suitably to the audience than would be the case by mere recitation. The more simple the melody, therefore, the less the attention is diverted from the humorous poetical tale. In this respect, the present melody, like many others of the late Mr. R. is suitable enough, and, as a musical production, hardly belongs to the tribunal of criticism.

*The Fairy Dance, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte,* by J. H. Leffler. Pr. 2s.

In the slow movement which is prefixed to the dance, we observe some select and striking harmonic combinations; and the whole complexion of it, taken by itself, is creditable to the taste of the author. But, with every allowance for desire of contrast, we cannot help thinking this lento maestoso conceived in too awfully sombre a style to serve as an introduction for a sprightly dance: it is as if a man, who wished to tell us a merry story, began by making a few grim and tragic faces first. The rondo is a pleasing bagatelle; the subject recurs seasonably; the digressive matter is proper; the harmony throughout is satisfactory, and in some instances above the common run; and the termination, founded as it is on the subject, shews thought and judgment. This piece is very fit for the desk of the learner.

*The lonely Glen, a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte; the Words by the Rev. J. Mitford, composed, and dedicated to Miss Deane,* by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 1s. 6d.

In point of ideas, as well as treatment, this song causes much the same remarks as those which we had occasion to make on some previous productions of the same author. Mr. D.'s compositions evince musical knowledge and skill, but they do not sufficiently approximate to the mellowness, in melody and harmony, of modern taste. In the present instance we conceive the musical metre of the $\frac{4}{4}$ parts too lengthened for the spirit and import of the text, which thereby drags more or less throughout, but particularly in those bars where the minims occur (*e. g.* "pleasure," *p.* 3). The left hand proceeds with plainly measured steps through the mere crotchets and minims of a simple thorough-bass; and the accompaniment follows the voice in general too closely, and frequently passes through chords, which, without being abstractedly objectionable, form too austere a progress of harmony in a song of *this* kind (*e. g. p.* 1, at "trees;" *p.* 2, *b.* 4, and *b.* 7 and 8).

# THE SELECTOR:

*Consisting of* INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

## CONSTANTINOPLE.

(From Dr. CLARKE's *Travels*, part II. section 3.)

CONSTANTINOPLE is by no means a healthy place of residence for persons who have not lived long enough there to become inured to the vicissitudes of its climate. The sudden changes of temperature, owing to the draught of wind through the straits, either of the Black Sea or of the Sea of Marmora, render such persons liable to the most fatal effects of obstructed perspiration; and what these effects are, few of the inhabitants of other countries can have formed any adequate ideas. A single example, to which the author was an eye-witness, may serve to afford some conception of the disorders occasioned by the climate. Soon after our arrival, upon the anniversary of our queen's birth-day, the liberation of the Maltese slaves took place. It had been acceded to by the Turkish government, owing principally, as it was believed, to a forlorn hope of the Capudan Pasha, that he should thereby be able to obliterate the evil impression caused by the atrocious murder of the beys in Egypt, whereof all Europe then rang from side to side. At all events, it was said to be a business concerted between him and our ambassador; and, if due to the exertions of the latter, nothing can be more worthy of praise. We were at the palace where the ambassador resided when these poor men came to offer their thanks to the British nation. It was an affecting sight. Some of them had been nearly half a century in chains; and many were to return to their relations after being thought dead for several years. One of these men, washing his linen in the open air, and being stripped, as somewhat heated by the work, felt a most agreeable and cooling breeze beginning from the *north*, the wind, which had been southerly, then changing. In a short time he was seized with a stiffness in all his limbs, attended with fever, and followed by delirium; his jaw locked; and, notwithstanding the skill and constant attendance of Dr. Scott, before twenty-four hours had elapsed he was no more. Such are the blessings of what is often described as a delightful and luxurious climate. There can scarcely be found a spot upon earth more detestable than *Péra*, particularly in the most crowded parts of it. We might be said to live in *cemeteries*; the only water used for drinking, passing through sepulchres to the feverish lips of the inhabitants, filled with all sorts of revolting impurities, and with living animalculæ. The owner of the hotel where we resided, wishing to make some repairs in his dwelling, dug near the foundation, and found that his house stood upon graves, yet containing the mouldering relics of the dead. This may per-

haps account for the swarms of rats, not only in the buildings, but in the streets, whither they resort in such numbers at night, that a person passing through them finds these animals running against his legs. The prodigious multitude, however, of rats is not owing to any want of cats, for the latter constitute the greater nuisance of the two. They enter through the crazy roofs, which consist only of a few thin planks, and render the smell of the bed-chambers much more offensive than that of a dunghill. Some of these cats are of a very uncommon breed, and they are remarkable for their great beauty. One evening, as the author was adding these notes, there descended from the trap-door of the roof, and came prowling into his room, a cat of such astonishing size and beauty, that he at first mistook it for some fiercer animal. It had long hairs like the Augora breed; and the colour of its fur was white, tipped with a golden yellow; its tail standing erect, like that of a squirrel, was flattened by the position of its hairs, which stuck out on either side, so as to make it a span wide; its ears were high and pointed, covered with long hairs, and it had a bushy ruff about its neck; its large eyes shone like two topazes. An endeavour was made to detain it by shutting the door, but it effected its escape by the way that it came, and never appeared afterwards. This curious and beautiful example of the feline tribe was equal in size to a large fox. A species more common frequented our apartments, which comes from Persia, and is of a blue colour. We visited the menagerie belonging to the Grand Signior, where we saw but few rare animals, and all of them are wretchedly kept. The only thing worth seeing was a lion of superior size, that had belonged to Hassan Pasha, and used to follow him like a dog; but, at last, having slain one of his keepers, it was chained within the menagerie for life.

Upon the queen's birth-day another ceremony took place, the laying of the first stone of the new palace for the British ministers at the Porte; at this we also attended, in company with all the English then resident. The former building had been consumed by fire. The gaieties of the Carnival were greatly increased this year in Péra, in consequence of the expulsion of the French from Egypt; and the Turks were rather more tolerant than usual in their behaviour towards the English. Masquerades were frequent in all the houses of the foreign ministers; and there were also public masquerades in taverns, open to all comers: the latter, of course, formed of the lowest company, and being for the most part nothing better than the most public exhibition of disgusting sensuality. The only circle that can be called by the name of society in Péra, is formed by the families, secretaries, chaplains, interpreters, and agents of the different envoys; and this may be considered as naturally exhibiting an entertaining masquerade, without any licence from the season of Carnival. It is the same in all seasons, a mixed and motley assembly of nations and languages. The chief amusement at their evening parties consists in card-playing.

The French government, always famous for the skill with which it conducts political intrigue, when it wishes to employ a *spy* who may collect the state secrets of the ministerial *hive* at Péra, takes care to send one who is an adroit gambler, and who, by his address among the women, becomes a popular man at their card-tables; the generality of the young men being engaged in dancing. One or two such *spies* had at this time obtained situations in our army; and they have since proved themselves to be the traitors we at that time suspected they were. Yet it was amazing to observe with what eagerness the company of these men was courted, and with what incredible facility the unsuspecting ministers of the different nations became their dupes. At last arrived General Sebastiani himself, said to have been originally a postillion, and whose intellectual attainments certainly did not belie the report. This man, the avowed ambassador of the French government, dressed like the trumpeter of a puppet-show, soon acquired such influence, by his affectation of gallantry, and by his unequivocal language, even with those young women who had the greatest reputation for chastity, that, according to his own vulgar expression, he might be said "to have had the whole diplomatic body under his thumb*." Yet there is no place where so much fuss is made in point of etiquette as at Péra; and this sometimes gives rise to a very amusing exhibition. At a ball, before dancing begins, the gentlemen stand up first, without their partners, and a general scramble, with altercation, ensues for precedency. A stranger would suppose that at least half a dozen duels were to be fought the next morning; but, like all blustering, it generally ended in words only. It is impossible, however, to hear the cause of so much agitation without laughter. "Sir, this is my place! I am to dance with Prussia!"—"You'll pardon me, sir! Russia goes down another set."—"Gentlemen, I must beg you will give way; England is my partner." Admitted to the supper-table, he sees with surprise some of the ladies wrapping up roasted woodcocks, and other edible animals, whole, and putting them into their pockets. If attracted towards the corner of a room, where the number of *calpaes* and whiskered faces announce a party of the *drogomans*, he finds them bartering some antique medal or gem, or settling the price of a shawl, or offering for sale an embroidered handkerchief; or perhaps two Greek physicians disputing their mode of practice. Upon the sofas, round the room, the elder Greek women, with heads

* This is the very same General Sebastiani, who, according to the reports in our public prints, was received with such distinction a few days since in the same university to which Dr. Clarke belongs; and, after having been introduced into the Senate-House while the Caput was conferring degrees, dined in the hall of Trinity College!!! We are then gravely told, that "he is said to be a good Greek and Latin scholar." Are we to infer from this, that nothing more than a proficiency in the languages of Greece and Rome is necessary to induce the learned *Cantabs* to fraternize with men of the most flagitious moral and political character?—EDITOR.

and hands in constant motion, displaying their long ringlets of false or dyed hair, are bawling to each other in Romaic, and in a tone of voice the most shrill and inharmonious. This description of one evening assembly in the apartments of an ambassador at Péra applies equally to all, for there is not the smallest variety to be observed in going from one house to another; the same amusement, the same conversation, and the same company are found in every other palace.

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## *From the Supplement to* NORTHCOTE'S LIFE OF REYNOLDS.

### MISS MORRIS.

MISS Morris, I must observe, was a beautiful young lady, who, from the unexpected misfortunes of her family, was reduced to the necessity of seeking some employment for a livelihood; and being supposed to have requisite talents for the stage, she was advised by her friends to attempt it as a profession. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, and many other illustrious persons, who were her particular friends and patrons, attended on the first night of her appearance on any stage, when she was to perform the character of Juliet at Covent-Garden theatre; but from the exceeding delicacy of both her mind and body, she was overpowered by her timidity, to such a degree, that she fainted away on the first entrance on the stage, and with much difficulty was prevailed on to go through the part. This very pitiable young lady shortly after fell into a decline, which ended in her death. Her mother was, I think, a native of the West Indies; and on the death of her husband, who had been governor of one of the islands, came over to England with a son and two daughters, and also a negro slave, who afterwards became the servant of Sir Joshua*.

* She was the daughter of Valentine Morris, Esq. the original possessor and improver of the romantic and much-admired domain of Piercefield, in Monmouthshire; in the adornment of which he had expended much money, and deranged his private fortune. Miss Morris made her first appearance at Covent-Garden theatre on November 29, 1768; and died May 1, 1769.

### MISS REYNOLDS.

At the time Miss Reynolds was in Paris (as she informed me), she attended a sale of pictures. It was a most capital collection, yet the sale was so private that the catalogue was not printed, but handed about the room on a written paper. The collection contained many fine portraits by Titian and Vandyke, besides various other subjects by the most eminent masters, particularly one by Rembrandt, historical, with figures the full size of life. On her describing the picture afterwards to Sir Joshua Reynolds, he said it must, by her account of it, have been worth three thousand pounds at least. All those she saw went for next to nothing, for there were but few bidders in the room; and being without money herself to make purchases, she saw, with inward torture, those precious articles knocked down for the most trifling sum. Indeed, the regret she felt at not being able to possess herself of such bargains, had so great an effect on her, that she

feared she should have fainted away in the auction-room. Some few she did buy, and at a very small price, which were very fine; these she sent to England to her brother Sir Joshua, who, unluckily, not having a sufficient reliance on her judgment in pictures, had not previously commissioned her to make any purchases for him.

Miss Frances Reynolds had long lived in the house of Sir Joshua, her brother, which she superintended in its domestic economy; but conceived, on some occasion, that she had not been treated as she deserved. This occasioned a small degree of coolness between them, and it was her intention to compose a letter, in order to explain to him her supposed grievances, but the composition of this letter was an affair of great difficulty: she therefore consulted with her sage friend Dr. Johnson, who participated with her in her troubles, and voluntarily offered to write a letter himself, which, when copied, should pass as her own. This, accordingly, he performed; but when this letter was produced by him for her approval, she felt herself obliged to reject it, as the whole contents of it were so unlike her own dictation, and so decidedly like his, that the intended deception would no more have passed with Sir Joshua, than if Johnson had attired himself in her cap and gown, and endeavoured to impose his identical person upon Sir Joshua as his sister.

GARRICK.

Garrick one day dining with a large company, soon after dinner left the room, and it was supposed had left the house; but one of the party, on going into the area to seek him, found Mr. Garrick, who had been there for some time, fully occupied in amusing a negro boy, who was a servant in the family, by mimicking the manner and noise of a turkey-cock, which diverted the boy to such a degree, that he was convulsed with laughter, and only able now and then to mutter, "Oh, Masser Garrick! you kill me, Masser Garrick!"

LORD MANSFIELD.

Lord Mansfield sat to Sir Joshua for that excellent portrait which has since been engraved by Bartolozzi. In the progress of painting this picture, Sir Joshua one day asked him his opinion of it, and if he thought it was a likeness. When his lordship replied, that it was totally out of his power to judge of its degree of resemblance, as he had not seen his own face in any looking-glass during the last thirty years of his life; for his servant always dressed him and put on his wig, which therefore rendered it quite unnecessary for him to look at himself in a mirror.

# FASHIONS.

## LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 22.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND dress composed of cambric, and finished at the bottom with a number of small tucks, and a very richly worked flounce with a heading. The back has just fulness enough to give the dress an air of ease, without disguising the

OPERA DRESS.

contour of the shape. We refer our readers to the print for the front. Long and very loose sleeve, with a very elegant half sleeve and cuff. A shirt richly trimmed round the collar with lace, and thrown open at the throat, where it fastens with a gold and coral broach. Hair parted on the forehead and dressed low at the sides. Head-dress an exquisitely fancied lace cap, of a form extremely simple, but uncommonly becoming: it is ornamented with bows of lilac ribbon. Plain gold ear-rings, and white kid slippers and gloves.

PLATE 23.—OPERA DRESS.

White satin slip, over which is a white lace skirt, finished with satin tucks, and a rich flounce of deep blond at the bottom. The body is composed of white satin and white lace; it is uncommonly novel and elegant. The sleeve, which is long, is also composed of satin and lace; its form is original, and the manner in which it is finished at the wrist is singularly tasteful and elegant. The hair is disposed so as to display the forehead, and falls in soft loose curls at each side. Head-dress the Berlin cap, composed of white satin, lower part ornamented with a rich gold band, and the crown with a profusion of beautiful short ostrich feathers, disposed with much taste and novelty. The Berlin cap is, in our opinion, the most generally becoming head-dress which has been introduced for some seasons. Necklace and cross composed of pearl and amethyst. Pearl ear-rings. White kid gloves, and white satin slippers.

We are indebted to the good taste and exquisite invention of Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street, Burlington Gardens, for both our dresses this month.

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GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We shall not be in danger this month of exceeding the limits prescribed to our *Observations* in this REPOSITORY, as the fashions have changed less since our last number than they do in general at this season of the year. The approaching nuptials of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales will, we have no doubt, quicken the invention of our fashionable dress-makers, and afford us ample materials for our next number.

We shall now proceed to lay before our readers the few changes which have fallen under our observation. Pelisses are higher than ever in estimation for the promenade; the most elegant are composed of the palest fawn-colour merino cloth, and trimmed either with emerald green or pink satin. We have seen one uncommonly tasteful and pretty, and more novel than we should have supposed any thing in the form of a pelisse could be: the back was full and drawn at the bottom to a point, which is ornamented with a satin bow and pointed ends. A double piece of byas satin went up each side of the back and across the shoulder, so as to form a pretty half sleeve; this satin is draperied at rather more than half a quarter distance by very small tassels, a shade lighter than the satin: there is no collar, but a double piece of byas satin, to correspond in width with the trimming, is sewed on very full, and stands up round the throat. The bottom and fronts are very tastefully or-

namented with satin, draperied to correspond, which falls over a plain piece of the same shade as the tassels which ornament the drapery. The sleeve, which is very loose, is confined at the wrist by byas satin. This pelisse is very much in favour; it is worn in white merino, in which it is, we think, more elegant than in any colour, in pale fawn, French grey, and Turquoise blue: in the two former it is trimmed with green or purple, in French grey with pale pink, and in Turquoise with white satin.

The bonnet usually worn with this pelisse, is an intermixture of velvet and satin; the crown is a moderate size, but the front is very large: it is put on so as to display a lace cap which is worn under it, and ornamented either with a flower, or with three small rosettes of lace. The bonnet is trimmed with white satin, disposed in bows intermixed with points, and finished with a rich plume of white feathers: it ties at one side with a large bow of white satin ribbon.

The Cobourg hat is even higher in estimation than last month, which we expected would be the case, as the lightness of its appearance, as well as the uncommon delicacy of the material it is composed of, renders it peculiarly appropriate to the present season.

Velvet and white merino cloth spensers are still in estimation in the carriage costume, but pelisses are higher in favour; the most fashionable are composed either of Levantine or double-sided silk, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed with swansdown or satin, which, long as it has been worn, is still the favourite material for trimmings: it has, however, an appearance of novelty, from the manner in which it is intermixed with chenille silk trimming and swansdown. We observed the other day on the pelisse of a lady of high rank, one of the prettiest trimmings we have seen for some time; the pelisse was a light slate colour, and the trimming pink satin disposed in acorns, and edged with swansdown. We have also to observe, that swansdown muffs are in much favour, but tippets are only partially worn.

Small white satin half gipsey hats, some of which are covered with a coloured net-work of chenille, are much in request in the carriage costume; they are ornamented with low plumes of feathers: we have noticed some made of intermingled ribbon and lace, which are ornamented with spring flowers, and worn over a lace *cornette.* Small coloured velvet hats, turned up all round, and lined with white satin, are also much worn; they have in general a band of intermixed white satin and velvet, and are always ornamented with feathers.

Thanks to the correct taste of the lady to whom we are indebted for our dresses this month, we are enabled to present our fair readers with a morning dress made in that style of simple elegance which ought always to characterize the morning costume. A very novel and elegant material for dishabille has just been introduced, which is considered a very tasteful article for spring wear: it is called satinet, and is composed of silk and worsted, with a rich satin stripe; although very durable, its appearance is light and delicate, and it

is much in request with *belles* of rank and taste. Irish satin is also much worn in the morning costume, though we think it is still more generally adopted for dinner dress. —We do not know how to describe this beautiful article, as it is totally different from any thing we have ever seen: it is made in all shades and colours, but the one most in request, we think, is emerald, in which it is peculiarly striking. As there has been nothing new in our own manufacture introduced for some time, these two elegant novelties are in considerable estimation with those ladies of rank who wish to encourage the productions of our own looms, in preference to French goods.

We must not omit to mention, that French cambric, cambric muslin, and jaconot muslin, are very high in favour: slight silks are also worn; but cloth is entirely exploded.

With respect to the form of morning dress, we have nothing novel to observe. Some change has taken place in trimmings; work is less worn than last month, the flounces being generally composed either of the same material as the dress, or of lace. Bodies, sleeves, and flounces drawn with coloured ribbon, are still in much estimation. There has been, for the second time, an attempt made to introduce the antiquated fashion of fulness in the front breadth of the dress; the apron and front were made of one piece, and drawn with ribbon, and the fulness thrown nearly as much before as behind: this attempt, however, has completely failed, which is not surprising, because no mode of dress can be more calculated to disfigure the shape.

Slight silks continue to be trimmed as described in our last number. We have also seen one or two very pretty trimmings composed of floss silk and chenille, in the form of leaves and shells; but these trimmings are only revived, as we remember similar ones last year.

Irish satin is still more than any thing in favour for dinner dress; shot and plain sarsnets and India muslin are also in estimation. We have noticed with much pleasure the introduction of a half high lace body, which we consider very elegant, and extremely appropriate to dinner dress: the form is that of a chemiset, which comes about half way to the throat, and is finished at top with a frill of lace to fall over. The sleeve, which is long, is slashed at the top with letting-in lace in two places, and the slashes meet at bottom; it is plain to the wrist, where it is finished by a triple fall of narrow lace. The sarsnet skirt worn with this body, is in general finished round the bottom with a rich embroidery, but sometimes trimmed with a single fall of blond set on in waves and very full. Irish satin is always worn with a white satin body, and the skirt finished at bottom with an intermixture of white satin and chenille, the latter the colour of the skirt: the effect is uncommonly beautiful.

In full dress we observe that white lace and white gauze predominate for youthful *élégantes;* white crape is also much in estimation; but coloured crapes are partially worn, and black lace seems confined to

matronly ladies. We see with pleasure, that bodies and skirts of different colours are evidently on the decline; they had certainly a most inelegant effect. White and coloured satin bodies, richly embroidered either in gold, silver, or silk, and worn over a crape or lace skirt, and trimmed to correspond, are very general, and we think extremely elegant; but in point of actual novelty, the dress given in our print possesses the strongest claim of any we have seen.

Caps continue so attractive in half dress, that we scarcely see a well-dressed *belle*, unless a mere child, without one: they are invariably composed of white lace, and always of a simple form. French caps are entirely exploded, doubtless to the great satisfaction of *belles* of good taste. British beauty has been too long obscured by the glaring and unbecoming fashions of our neighbours; which, however, are now declining very fast in public estimation.

In full dress the hair continues to be worn, as described in our last, on the forehead; but we observe that it begins to be turned up behind *à la Grecque*, and the under part of the hind hair forms a few curls on each side of the throat. The hair continues to be ornamented in the manner described in our last number.

In full-dress jewellery we have nothing new to announce. In half-dress gold and coral are still worn. The ornaments we mentioned in our last, were a prettily fancied locket and chain: the locket, composed of gold, is tastefully set with coral, in the form of small wild berries; the chain is composed alternately of a little cluster of light chains two inches long, and a coral berry placed between. Variegated cornelian, it is said, will be the favourite article for half-dress summer jewellery.

We have no alteration to notice in boots or shoes for promenade or carriage costume; but we cannot help observing, that dress slippers, which still continue to be made in the same form, are worn much too high on the instep: fashion, however, is always in extremes; some time ago they were cut down almost to the toes.

Fashionable colours for the month continue the same as last; but light drab and lilac are also, we perceive, coming much into favour.

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## FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

### PLATE 20.—A FRENCH BED.

THE annexed plate is a design lately imported from Paris, and represents one of those pieces of furniture which are consequent on the reciprocal exchanges of British and French taste: it is an English bed with corner posts, decorated agreeably to Parisian fancy. The frame-work is made of rose-wood, ornamented with carved foliage, gilt in matt and burnished gold.

The drapery is of rose-coloured silk, lined with azure blue, and consists of one curtain, gathered up at the ring in the centre of the canopy, being full enough to form the festoons and curtains both of the head and foot. The elegance of

MUSLIN PATTERNS.

this bed greatly depends on the choice, arrangement, and modifications of the three primitive colours, blue, yellow, and red; and in the combination of these, its chasteness or gaiety may be augmented or abridged.

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. William Williams, teacher of mathematics, &c. at High Beech Collegiate School, has in the press, *A New Method of teaching Perspective;* containing a course of practical lessons, exemplifying the theory by easy and concise rules for drawing all objects with accuracy. This work, which will be handsomely printed in 8vo. will be adapted to the use of schools and artists, although not having any knowledge of mathematics. It will be accompanied by an elegant illustrative model, invented by the author, a specimen of which may be seen at Mr. R. Ackermann's, Strand.

Dr. Pinckard has just published a new edition of his *Notes on the West Indies*, in two volumes, with additional letters from Martinique, Jamaica, and St. Domingo, including a proposal for the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies.

The Rev. Dr. Whitaker, well known for his History of Craven, and his republication of Thoresby's Ducatus Leodiensis, is engaged upon *A General History of the County of York*, which is expected to form seven folio volumes, of 500 pages each. It will be embellished with numerous engravings from designs by Turner, Buckler, and other eminent artists. The printing of the work will commence as soon as 500 copies, or as many as will cover the expenses, are subscribed for.

Mr. Congdon, of Plymouth, has announced for early publication, by subscription, in two volumes, royal quarto, with superb embellishments, *An Historical Survey of the County of Cornwall*, by C. S. Gilbert. The first volume will exhibit a comprehensive display of the ancient and modern state of the county, in regard to the character of its inhabitants, and a general history of its transactions from the remotest known periods, down to the present era. The second volume contains the topography, and embraces every requisite of a parochial history. The drawings for the embellishment of this part of the work are altogether original, by an excellent artist, H. Parker, jun. of Plymouth, who has not only been accurate in finishing them, but singularly fortunate in the choice of the spots from whence he formed his outlines. The names of subscribers to this work are received in London by Mr. Ackermann.

The seventh and eighth volumes of Campbell's *Lives of the Admirals*, commenced by the late Mr. Henry Redhead Yorke; the publication of which, from a variety of unforeseen circumstances, has been delayed so long, are now at the press in a great state of forwardness;

and it is fully expected that both the volumes, which will complete that interesting national work, will be ready for publication early in the ensuing summer.

Mr. Robert Southey has in the press a poem, with notes, entitled *A Pilgrimage to Waterloo.*

Mr. D'Israeli is preparing for publication, *An Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James* I.

Mr. Campbell's *Selections of English Poetry*, announced some time since, are not to appear for the present, as it has been judged better that the critical part of that work, containing a View of English Poetry, should be made part of Mr. Campbell's *Lectures on Ancient and Modern Poetry*, which are in preparation upon a very extensive scale.

Mr. W. Mariner is preparing for publication, an *Account of the People of the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean.* The author belonged to the Port au Prince privateer, the greater part of whose crew was massacred by the natives of Lefooga, and was for several years afterwards a constant associate of the king and the higher class of chiefs. His work will form two 8vo. vols.

Miss Holford has in the press a new poem, entitled *Margaret of Anjou.*

Mr. W. Wilkins, the eminent architect, will speedily publish, in an 8vo. volume, with plates, *Atheniensia*, or *Remarks on the Buildings and Topography of Athens.*

Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, has announced for publication, a *Narrative of the Adventures and Travels of Robert Adams,* a sailor, who was wrecked in 1810 on the west coast of Africa, detained three months in slavery among the Arabs of the Great Desert, and resided several months at Tombuctoo. It will be printed in 4to. uniformly with Park's last Journey and Life.

Mr. W. Jones, late acting surgeon at Serampore, will soon publish *A Collection of Facts and Opinions* relative to widows burning themselves with the dead bodies of their husbands, and to other destructive customs prevalent in British India.

Mr. Boothroyd, who is on the point of completing his *Biblia Hebraica*, has in forwardness, *Reflections on the authorised Version of the Scriptures*, reasons for attempting its improvement, and a specimen of such an attempt.

In the press, a new work, entitled *The Elements and Genius of the French Language*, being a natural and rational method of teaching a language, with sciences, deduced from the analysis of the human mind.

*Memoirs of the Ionian Isles, and of their Relations with European Turkey*, translated from the original MS. of M. de Vaudoncourt, late general in the Italian service, with a very accurate and comprehensive map, will shortly appear.

M. Puigblanch, the Spanish patriot, is about to publish, *The Inquisition Unmasked*, or *the Triumph of Humanity and Liberality in Spain;* being a history of the conduct and objects of that tribunal, and a dissertation on the necessity of its suppression.

Miss Griffith's novel, *She would be a Heroine*, will very speedily make its appearance.

The late Marquis de Lavallée,

who died a few days ago at his apartments in Leicester-square, had been engaged for several years past in writing a *History of the different Factions which have agitated France during the Revolution*, and had nearly completed it. He had recently been employed by Mr. Bowyer, of Pall-Mall, in writing a *Biographical Memoir of Buonaparte*, as also of his ministers, generals, &c. which will shortly appear.

Proposals are circulated for publishing a fine print, after the line manner, from a magnificent original picture of Rubens, of *Meleager and Atalante*, or *the Hunting of the Wild Boar*, in the collection of the Earl of Milltown, Rusborough-House, county of Wicklow; to be engraved by Francis Lamb, of Edinburgh, who executed the print from the celebrated picture of Daniel in the Den of Lions, by the same master.

# Poetry.

*From the Greek of* POSIDIPPUS.

## DIALOGUE.

### THE TRAVELLER AND STATUE OF OPPORTUNITY.

*Tr.* SAY, image, by what sculptor's hand
In breathing marble here you stand?
*Opp.* By his whose art to thousands known,
Bids Jove and Pallas live in stone:
But seldom seen by human eyes,
I claim the kindred of the skies;
By few I'm found, though great my fame,
And Opportunity's my name.
*Tr.* Say, if the cause you may reveal,
Why thus supported on a wheel?
*Opp.* The wheel my rapid course implies,
Like that with constant speed it flies.
*Tr.* Wings on your feet?—*Opp.* I'm apt to soar—
Neglected, I return no more.
*Tr.* But why behind deprived of hair?
*Opp.* Escaped, that none may seize me there.
*Tr.* Your locks unbound conceal your eyes?
*Opp.* Because I chiefly court disguise.
*Tr.* Why coupled with that solemn fair,
Of downcast mien and mournful air?
*Opp.* Repentance she (the stone replies),
My substitute, behind me flies:
Observe, and her you'll ever see
Pursue the wretch deprived of me;
By her corrected, mortals mourn,
For what they've done, and what forborne.
Ask me no more, for while you stay,
I vanish unperceived away.

SOMERSET.

## LINES

Addressed to Mrs. M—— E——.

His fickle sov'reignty to prove,
See Time's new calendar displayed;
Which, like the vow of faithless love,
Is changed almost as soon as made.

Yet with old Time I'll wage no strife,
But give him gratefully his due:
For mid the varyings of my life,
He'll never change my love for *you!*

SOMERSET.

## A VALENTINE

Sent to Miss J—N—S, aged seventeen, lately married to Captain F. BR—WNE, of the H. E. I. C. military establishment.

Think not, dear Anne, 'tis all for sport,
That I to-day am come to court:
I love you much, I love you more
Than any nymph I've seen before.

How blest, how happy should I be,
Were all your smiles bestowed on me;
On lover's wings I'd quickly bring
A myrtle wreath, and golden ring;
And crowns and kingdoms I'd resign
To be my Anna's *Valentine.*

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### TO ——— ———.

*By* J. M. Lacey.

Oh! may thy bosom never know
A sadder hour than this is;
May innate pleasures unbought glow,
Still wait on all thy blisses.

Be thine the happy heart's light throb,
Distress through life unknowing;
Ne'er may grief's tear, nor sorrow's sob,
Disturb thy bosom's glowing.

Fair woman's eye should know no tear,
But that which rapture borrows;
Her bosom ne'er should heave with fear,
Her heart ne'er sink with sorrows.

I dearly love to see the smile
Her rosy cheek illuming;
To know, that not one thought of guile
Is there, to check its blooming.

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### THE VILLAGE SPECTRE.

From the Red Cow, whose dear delight
Sooth'd Hodge's days and cheer'd this night,
As reeling homeward and alone,
He heard, or thought he heard, a groan.
He stopp'd, he listen'd—no! the breeze
No longer sported with the trees;
Nor bat, nor owl, not e'en a mouse
But now was silent in its house.
The stile was pass'd, and he had reel'd
Half o'er the path that cross'd the field;
When, lo! a phantom seem'd to fly
Across, athwart, before his eye;
Whizzing it went, and whizzing came,
'Twas now all smoke, and now all flame!
Aloft it flew, then to the ground,
And flitted whizzing round and round!
It stopp'd, it changed, and now he saw
A mighty spectre all of straw!
Before his path it took its stand,
And straddled o'er three roods of land;
Its long bare arms were seen to rise,
And hold straw sheaf-bands to his eyes;
With two just such a village elf
Not long before had hang'd himself.
About its head it wore a crown,
Of poppies made, and thistle down;
Dark was its face, a fearful sight,
Black smut and every kind of blight,
Made it a very perfect fright.
"Follow," it roar'd—away it flew,
And Hodge, in wild dismay, it drew
All through the corn about the field,
For Hodge to all its freaks must yield;
It rais'd him up, it threw him down,
It bruis'd his limbs, it broke his crown;
Drove him and beat him like a witch,
And left him sprawling in a ditch.
The next day found him there at noon,
Still in a sort of spectre swoon.
At home arriv'd, when rest in bed
Had sooth'd his limbs and clear'd his head,
He swore, so sure as he was born,
He'd seen the Demon of the Corn;
Told all the story o'er and o'er,
And stoutly to the truth on't swore;
And Giles and Cloddin vow they saw
The beaten grain and broken straw,
Where it had hurl'd him to the ground,
And dragg'd him through and all around.
Ev'n at this day, and many years
Have pass'd to calm the village fears,
Some Hodges, as they pass at night,
Think they behold the fearful sprite;
And strange!—it seems to love, they say,
From the Red Cow the *shortest way.*

J. B. P.

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L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.